

The Iron Mettagiant

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The Iron Mettagiant

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Summary

In this hilariously twisted and shockingly well-executed Undertale parody of the classic 1999 animated-film masterpiece The Iron Giant, Alphys and Undyne (both playing the role of Hogarth) stumble upon a giant alien robot from another planet named Mettaton (obviously playing the role of the titular Iron Giant); needless to say, all kinds of hilarity, mischief and surprisingly dark humor ensues as the military progressively gets more and more involved in their awkward predicament.

Chapter 1

THE IRON METTAGIANT

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is a non-profit tribute/parody to the classic 1999 animated film The Iron Giant and takes place in a slight alteration of the Littletale AU from Undertale.)

CHAPTER 1

It was just an average, stormy summer night in the vast, shimmering, deep blue sea of Waterfall as the local team of Tem sailors struggled to keep their pitiful little sailboats afloat amidst the brutal, nonstop cavalcade of rushing, violent waves that riddled the surface of the water.

"TEM NEEDS HELP!" all of the Tems screamed loudly in unison, flailing their arms about wildly and hopping up and down like overexcited rabbits as their boats rapidly approached the lighthouse while still tossing and turning from the sheer force and magnitude of the waves.

"Ooh, what's that over THERE?!" the Tems squealed with joy as the ominous, menacing, glowy-eyed silhouette of a colossal, towering, massively fabulous robot came into view amidst the blaring yellow rays of the lighthouse.

"..." the robot anticlimactically sighed as he just walked away without a trace, leaving all of the Temmies scratching their heads in confusion and wondering what had just happened.

"Tem have no idea what the point of all that was, but something tells me we should call the local military about this!" the captain Temmie, who looked exactly the same as all of the others for some reason, chuckled as he pulled out his cell phone and dialed General Asgore's number.

"What is it, Colonel Temsworth?" Asgore picked up the ringing phone in his throne room and asked while the Temmies finally reached the lighthouse, exhaustedly jumped out of their boats and chaotically scrambled their way back up onto shore like an untamed herd of wild sheep.

"EMERGENCY IN WATERFALL; I REPEAT, EMERGENCY IN TEM TOWN!" Temsworth yelled at the top of his lungs through the phone, accidentally spitting all over Asgore's ear in the process.

"Sigh...whatever could it be THIS time?" Asgore groaned as he cleaned off his ear with a handkerchief and rested his opposite cheek on his hand in boredom while all of the Temmies ran around in circles and repeatedly yodeled the word "MAYDAY" like there was no tomorrow.

"Whatever it is, we can confirm that it's very shiny, very metallic and very big!" Temsworth explained, taking a brief glance behind himself and immediately rolling his eyes as all of his fellow Tem sailors exhaustedly collapsed onto the ground and fell asleep in a big fluffy pile.

"And worst of all, IT'S EVEN ALIVE! May God have mercy on our poor, unfortunate SOULS!" Temsworth's mentally retarded second-in-command, Temfoil Hat, literally screamed his head off through the phone as he then immediately began blindly chasing after it so that he could pick it back up and cartoonishly screw it back onto his neck with the tinfoil hat still firmly glued onto it.

"Um...I beg your pardon, but where exactly IS your proof of such a thing as giant alien robots from another planet existing?" Asgore groaned, facepalming himself in disappointment while Temfoil whipped out his iPad and tweeted an evidential photo of the beast straight to him.

"OH...oh, MY...well, all I can say is, I sincerely doubt that something THAT realistic-looking was Photoshopped, even if we ARE talking about the Undertale fandom here!" Asgore gasped in surprise, flinching backward in his chair and hanging his jaw open in disbelief as the intimidatingly towering shadow of the Underground's largest new resident was revealed to him.

"Oh, believe me, I can ASSURE you it wasn't!" Asgore's up-and-coming new undercover agent, the (magically) fully-grown adult form of his son Asriel Dreemurr, rolled his eyes, sarcastically sneered with a chuckling smirk and took a seat right next to Asgore while the latter glared irritatedly at him.

"Anyway, AS I WAS SAYING..." Asgore growled frustratedly at Asriel while the latter nervously backed off and did the jazz hands in response, "...what type of name do you boys think would be considered most inherently suitable to assign to such a frighteningly massive man-made colossus?"

"How about METATON? Because he's...like...really big and uh...like, weighs a lot and stuff?" Temsworth chuckled awkwardly over the phone, scratching the back of his head and sweating embarrassedly.

"Wow, I didn't think you bunch of numbnuts even knew what such a word MEANT in the first damned place!" Asgore laughed uproariously, clutching his chest and nearly falling over backward in his chair while Asriel gave him a snickering high-five of sickeningly smug approval.

"Well, since those things obviously can't spell worth a flying freak, I say how's about we just change the name to Mettaton, with two T's?" Asriel asked his father curiously, putting his hand on his shoulder and looking into his glimmering, crystal-clear eyes intently.

"WHY?" Asgore groaned, shrugging his shoulders dejectedly as he hung up the phone.

"Because it makes the name...like...look, uh, COOLER and stuff?" Asriel blushed, stammered and shrugged awkwardly while Asgore disdainfully shot him an "are you freaking serious" look.

"Uh-huh." Asgore sighed, double-facepalming himself in shame while Asriel turned toward the entrance door and walked right out of the room, leaving Asgore alone to fend for his own interests.

"ASRIEL?" Asgore called Asriel a few minutes later over the phone, systematically scanning over his trusty tactical map of the Underground on Google Earth as he eagerly awaited his son's reponse.

"Yes, Father?" Asriel, who was already out on the prowl in search of the incredibly handsome fifty-foot behemoth that was Mettaton's former self at the time, smugly responded as he flew over to Snowdin Town, where Toriel's recently built woodland foster home was located.

"BEGIN THE HUNT!" Asgore coldly and bitterly whispered through the phone as his son finally reached the local Snowed Inn and booked himself a nice, warm stay for the night.

The next day in the surprisingly warm and autumn-leaved (since after all, it WAS summer at the moment...which for this place was still basically autumn) town of Snowdin, Alphys and all of her dear beloved friends (including Undyne, of course) were busy attending middle school together and discussing random crap with each other at one of the many outdoor lunch tables right behind the cafeteria...such as all of the weird and crazy things that had recently happened to them, for instance.

"Alright, so get this: I just recently asked our history teacher Toriel out on a date, and would you BELIEVE what she told me back? Why, she straight-up told me I wasn't BIG-BONED enough

yet!" Sans laughed uproariously with the obligatory crap-eating grin on his face as he took a huge bite out of his Snickers ice-cream bar and jokingly smeared it all over his face like lipstick.

"I really wish you were joking, big brother; I really, REALLY do!" Papyrus shrugged and sighed somewhat annoyedly, rolling his eyes and shaking his head disapprovingly as he meekly twirled his spaghetti into his fork and reluctantly slurped the noodles down in dismay.

"So wait a minute, let me get this straight; you're telling me that the so-called LAWS, or whatever the hell you're supposed to call them, of monster society allow mere 18-year-old kids to engage in romantic relationships with one of the ten-freaking-THOUSAND-year-old rulers of the kingdom, the other being Asgore?!" Undyne gasped in horror, burying her head in her mashed potatoes and screaming for dear life in disgust while Alphys gently patted her on the back.

"There, there now..." Alphys sighed, trying not to think about all of the incredibly kinky things that she was already beginning to rapidly develop the urge to do with Asgore and Toriel despite being only a measly twelve years old at the moment as she lovingly stroked Undyne's fish ears and teasingly played with her adorably ponytailed fish hair.

"Yup! You betcha!" Sans laughed and shrugged, shoving the straws to his exactly two milk cartons right up his nose so that they stuck out like bamboo shoots. "Does THIS look unsure to you?" he chuckled smugly as he emptied out several ketchup packets into his mouth and shot out their contents through his nose to show his reaction to Toriel's recent sudden advance on him.

"Gee WHIZ, Sans, how freaking childish can you GET?" Papyrus yelled frustratedly at Sans, raising his palm into the air and smacking his big brother across the face.

"Sweet, eerie bone-rattling ME, Papyrus, YOU sure are one to talk!" Sans laughed heartily as he magically produced one of his classified secret photo albums showing the myriad of coloring books, anime action figures, children's storybooks, race cars (including his bed) and diabetes-inducingly adorable stuffed animals (many of them Undertale characters) littering Papyrus' room.

"WAIT A MINUTE...is that...is that an Alphys SCALEMATE?! Oh my god, it's so...freaking...CUUUUUUTE!" Undyne covered her mouth and squealed with pure unbridled joy, unable to hide her inner Homestuck fangirl syndrome any longer while Alphys just rolled her eyes and facepalmed herself for probably at least the third or fourth time that day.

"Yes, Undyne, you don't need to remind me for the ZILLIONTH freaking time that I'm the cutest goddamned thing in the Underground; I already GET it!" Alphys sighed and shook her head in disgust.

"Guess you could say that the two of us grew up under a horribly severe lack of MATURNITY! And no, that wasn't a typo in the script either, I ACTUALLY MADE THAT FREAKING JOKE OUT LOUD IN PUBLIC!" Sans laughed uproariously, slapping Papyrus on the back so hard that he accidentally coughed up a very sharp-ended chicken bone right into Alphys' wide-open mouth just as she was preparing to lift up her massive hamburger and eat half of the entire thing in one measly bite, causing her face to turn blue and start sweating intensely as she dropped her hamburger in a huge mess of ingredients all over the table, clutched her throat and toppled over onto the ground, rolling frantically back and forth as she desperately choked and gasped for air.

"ALPHYS, MY SWEET KAWAII DARLING, NO!" Undyne screamed in a fit of panic as she jumped onto Alphys' belly with all of her 110-pound might, causing the poor girl to violently puke out Papyrus' chicken bone sharp-end-first straight into Undyne's unsuspecting left eye while Sans and Papyrus engaged in a furiously raging fistfight with other to settle their...differences, so to speak.

"Papyrus, for crying out loud, don't you know that there are countless other ways to TACKLE your personal problems with other people?" Sans groaned and laughed smugly as Papyrus tackled him face-up onto the ground and attempted several times to punch him in the face.

"Ha, you really think I'm just gonna lay here and TAKE it?" Sans snickered as he teasingly used his magic powers to bend and teleport himself right around (and occasionally even right through) each and every single one of Papyrus' punches as if they were literally nothing.

"Sans, for the love of God, do you REALLY want me to end up having to shove this fourty-eight-inch-long BONE up your sphincter?!" Papyrus angrily threatened Sans, brandishing his bone club and seething with fake rage as if he was actually seriously considering doing such a thing.

"I know you are, but what am I?" Sans winked teasingly at Papyrus, summoning a rainbow-striped surrender flag and waving it right in his big little brother's ambiguously gay face.

"Sans, I'll have you know that I am a GREAT many things; however, one thing I am most definitely NOT is GAAAAAAAAY!" Papyrus roared melodramatically at the tops of his lungs, kneeling down onto his knees and shaking his fists angrily at the so-called sky as he did so.

"OH GOD, IT HURTS, IT HURTS, IT HURRRTS!" Undyne shrieked in agonizing pain while Alphys tried with all of her scrawny and pathetic might to yank the chicken bone out of her aching, bleeding eye.

"I'm sorry, Undyne, but it would appear that this chicken bone has gotten stuck deep within your retina, and therefore, whenever I try to pull it out, it only makes the problem even WORSE!" Alphys gasped in horror while Undyne prayed to God for the pain to just finally end already.

"Oh dear God, what are we going to DO?!" Undyne screamed in terror, realizing that the school nurse and her affiliates were currently on vacation at the Dreemurr Resort in Hotland, drinking smoothies and bathing in hot tubs while all of the other staff members worked their skin off (literally, in Gaster's case).

"Undyne, I'm sorry I don't have any anaesthetics or painkillers on hand, but please just try your hardest to hold still while I do this!" Alphys sobbed empathetically as she grabbed a metal spork from her magical coat pockets, dug into Undyne's left eye socket with it and began using it to violently sever the slimy, fleshy cord that was clearly connecting the eyeball itself to her brain.

"OH GOD, SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME! MOMMY! DADDY! ANYONE!" Undyne screamed and cried for help while Alphys finally finished cutting out her eyeball, causing blood-red liquid dust to spray out in copious amounts from the remaining cord-stump, which then subsequently caused Undyne to pass out and faint onto the ground with the dust still trickling down the left side of her face.

"It's been one of those days..." Alphys shrugged and sighed dejectedly as she took her new eyeball-on-a-bone-stick and straight-up ate Undyne's eyeball right off of it; luckily, everyone else had already left the cafeteria and moved on to the next period, so no one else actually had to see that happen.

"Mmm, tastes like chicken!" Alphys laughed as she chewed the eye up and swallowed it, immediately letting out a disgustingly loud burp and rubbing her growling stomach afterward.

Chapter 2

TIMG: CHAPTER 2

ONE EXTREMELY INTENSE DODGEBALL GAME IN THE GYM LATER...

"Greetings, students; my name is Gerson, and I'm your new academic drill sergeant for the year!" Gerson the already-extremely-old-and-wrinkly turtle introduced himself as the students systematically filed themselves one-by-one into each neatly arranged seat of the classroom.

"Say WHAT now? Academic DRILL SERGEANT?! The hell does that even MEAN?!" Sans stammered in both minor annoyance and extremely major confusion while Gerson just crossed his arms over his chest and patiently waited for the little miscreant to finally finish yapping.

"Sans, for crying out loud; a drill sergeant, BY DEFINITION, is academic! He freaking TEACHES you things, it's not exactly ROCKET science!" Papyrus groaned irritated at Sans, double-facepalming himself and gently weeping in disappointment at Sans' immense laziness.

"EXACTLY!" Gerson laughed, slapping Papyrus on the back so hard that the poor skeleton's lower jaw fell off, requiring him to bend over and pick it up while Sans amazingly avoided making any "don't drop the soap" jokes about his brother's embarrassing predicament.

"Hey, Papyrus!" Sans whispered excitedly into Papyrus' ear, trying desperately to hold in his laughter while Papyrus glared nervously and somewhat agitatedly at him, gritting his teeth.

"WHAT?!" Papyrus sneered at him, legitimately seething with rage.

"Don't drop Game Theory's gift to the POPE!" Sans whispered into Papyrus' ear, finally losing his composure and busting out into a fit of maniacal, howling, rolling-on-the-floor laughter.

"WHAT...I..." Papyrus stammered, his jaw hanging wide open yet again in disbelief as everyone in the classroom, including the drill-sergeant teacher himself, glared soul-piercingly at Sans.

"Alright, THAT'S it, NO more Mister NICE Guy! In fact, I'd say it's about time I put a little more BACKBONE into disciplining and PACIFYING you and your freaking stupid, BONEHEADED shenanigans!" Papyrus ranted furiously at Sans, tackling him onto the ground and engaging in a cartoonishly violent dust-cloud fistfight with him for the second consecutive time that day.

ONE SENDING OF SANS AND PAPYRUS TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE LATER...

"Alright, everybody; we have a LOT to learn today about how to operate in them newfangled modern-day-military types of situations!" Gerson informed the class, flexing his impressively ripped-for-his-age muscles powerfully and handsomely...and then awkwardly leaning forward, clutching his back and yelping in pain as he accidentally dislocated several disks in his spine.

"OOO...OWWWCH...oh yes, we sure do, Mister Allison Kingbach!" Gerson miserably joked as he pushed and snapped his spinal cord back into place, causing everyone in the room to immediately facepalm and head-desk themselves; thankfully, Sans and Papyrus were gone.

"Um, HELLO? Why has no one mentioned yet that I literally JUST RECENTLY got my freaking EYE cut out with a goddamned SPORK and then ostensibly EATEN and chewed up by my godforsaken, scrawny little WHORE of a girlfriend?!" Undyne ranted irritated at the class, briefly lifting up the pirate-style patch that was now covering her left eyesocket and displaying the

fleshy, pulsating, grotesquely disfigured skin-hole underneath it to everyone around her, causing her fellow students to scream in horror and cover their eyes and mouths in revulsion.

"Undyne, come on, seriously; I was just doing what I HAD to!" the heavily injured Alphys reminded Undyne angrily, nudging her forcefully on the shoulder with the elbow of her bandaged arm and whacking her forcefully on the knees with her crutches while Gerson walked aimlessly around the room, thoroughly racking his brain for a way to get his students to behave.

"OW!" Undyne yelled in pain as she reflexively swung her legs way up into the air and accidentally kicked Gerson dead-center in the crotch, right as he was passing by.

"WHY, YOU LITTLE-"

"Oh, uhh, I'm sorry! I, uhh, wasn't really in control of my ACTIONS there, was I?" Undyne blushed and stammered awkwardly while Alphys crossed her magically already-almost-fully-healed legs atop her desk, crossed her equally-rapidly-healing arms behind her head and began whistling innocently while Gerson walked back up to the front of them, cleared his throat to finally regain the undivded attention of his annoyingly large class of students, and grabbed his pointer.

"Alright, NO more petty disagreements between us, OKAY?!" Gerson growled lividly, his right eye twitching as he snapped his pointer into halves in frustration. "I'm WAY TOO FREAKING OLD for this crap, alright?! You guys understand?! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?!"

"WHOA dude, calm DOWN! Jesus CHRIST!" Undyne stammered nervously, leaning backward in her chair and doing the jazz hands while Gerson began rhythmically tapping his foot in eager anticipation of the very special moment when the generic, unnamed class members would finally stop arguing with each other.

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

"Okay, so...now that we've FINALLY(!) all settled down and shut our traps once and for all, I'd like to briefly redirect our attention to the actual INTENDED subject matter on hand here in this classroom: BEING IN PROPER SHAPE FOR WAR!" Gerson chuckled as the class saluted him in response.

"SIR, YES, SIR!" the entire class chanted.

"Hmm...you know what? Since we're unfortunately running awfully short on time here, I'm afraid that we're going to need to pick two specific volunteers for today's lesson!" Gerson explained.

"Oh, geeze, I sure do WONDER which two students you're going to pick!" Alphys sighed.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, UNDERNEATH A LARGE TREE IN THE OUTDOOR FITNESS AREA...

"Alright, class, remember what we just recently went over regarding the easiest way to deal with magical nukes?" Gerson asked his massive audience of proud and loyal students, all of which besides were busy standing and drooling absentmindedly, as Undyne ducked down onto her knees and folded her arms over her head in the classic "duck and cover" maneuver from the 1950s.

"Indeed, Undyne, that is EXACTLY what you must do! Remember, kids: DUCK and COVER!" Gerson laughed heartily as he painfully forced Alphys into the knee-crouching position and folded her still-slightly-broken arms forcefully over her head, causing her to shriek in discomfort.

AT THE SCHOOL'S TRACK-AND-FIELD CIRCUIT...

"Ready, set, GO!" Gerson signaled everyone at full volume as everyone in the class, most especially Undyne, immediately took off running at absolute maximum power and velocity...well, everyone, that is, except for poor, poor little Alphys, whose legs were still busy recovering.

About five of everyone else's designated six laps later, Alphys was still desperately struggling to even get through one measly lap, her overall time for which had already well exceeded three minutes thanks to her slow-as-hell crutches being her only non-painful way of getting around.

"U...S...A..." Alphys panted and moaned in exhaustion as she finally broke down and collapsed onto the finish line, prompting Undyne to scoop the poor thing up into her arms and carry her and her crutches into the nearby weight-lifting room in the school's gymnasium.

IN THE WEIGHT-LIFTING ROOM...

"HUT! SUT! RAW!" Undyne loudly and passionately chanted as her and (actually very few of) her fellow classmates began bench-pressing disproportionately large weights up and down like there was no tomorrow...which, of course, meant that Alphys was once again the unlucky one.

"Oh, how I yearn for death's sweet, SWEET embrace!" Alphys moaned in despair, with tears of agony running down her face as she felt her shrimpy little bones crunching and snapping underneath the sheer weight of the bench-press weight that had just been carelessly thrown right on top of her.

"Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels send thee to thy rest..." Alphys choked, sputtered and coughed as her lungs finally gave way, causing her to pass out and faint onto the weight-lifting cushion with her eyes firmly shut and her tongue hanging out like that of a dog.

BACK IN GERSON'S CLASSROOM...

"NOW LET ME SEE YOUR WARFACES!" Gerson yelled at the tops of his congested, wrinkly old lungs in true drill-sergeant fashion at Alphys and Undyne as the two of them stood right next to each other in front of him, both of them trying their hardest to follow the old man's orders.

"DURRRRRR!" Alphys, who had just recently been overexerted to the point of temporarily forgetting nearly all of her mental faculties, crooned as she painfully contorted her black-and-blue-eyed, multiple-tooth-missing, horribly misshapen face into an eerily crooked grin.

"BULLCRAP, YOU DIDN'T CONVINCE ME! NOW LET ME SEE A REAL WARFACE!" Gerson yelled passionately at Undyne, who then immediately proceeded to break down onto her knees, bury her head in her hands and sob hysterically at her poor lizard girlfriend's misfortune.

"FOR F%# 'S SAKE, YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!" Gerson jokingly yelled at both Alphys and Undyne as the school's early-dismissal bell finally rang, prompting the latter to lovingly scoop the former onto her amazingly strong shoulders and give her an ever-so-adorable piggyback ride all the way over to Toriel's local Silver Sleet restaurant (which of course was a classic 1950s-style silver diner) with both of their matching Mew Mew Kissy Cutie Pusheen backpacks in tow.

"AWW!" literally every single person the two of them passed by immediately crooned with childlike joy at the mere sight of them being so sickeningly cute and lovable together.

"Are we there yet?" Alphys suddenly woke up and asked Undyne teasingly.

"No..." Undyne shrugged and sighed as she continued walking.

"Are we there yet?" Alphys continued teasing Undyne with an adorably dorky and toothy grin on

her face as she began lovingly nibbling on the fish lady's ever-so-gorgeous ponytail.

"NO..." Undyne growled with rapidly increasing annoyance, gently waving her hand up above her head to shoo Alphys away from her hair that she spent literally half an hour perfecting every single morning.

"Are we THERE yet?" Alphys trollishly jeered at Undyne as she continued nibbling on the poor fish lady's comically oversized ponytail and even began playfully ruffling it up with her fingers.

"GODDAMNIT, NO! JUST FREAKING STOP IT ALREADY, WOULD YOU PLEASE?!" Undyne screamed loudly at Alphys in a fit of rage while the little cutie-pie blushed, covered her mouth and giggled adorably.

"Aww, you're so cute when you're riled up!" Alphys laughed teasingly at Undyne, patting her lovingly on the head and hopping back down onto the ground as the two of them finally reached the front door to Silver Sleet and stepped inside, with everyone in the general vicinity already shooting them mean looks due to the sheer number of car crashes that had just been caused directly by Undyne's careless guidance of Alphys right through the middles of the local forest roads.

"What, was it something we SAID?" Alphys and Undyne shrugged and asked cluelessly, glancing curiously around themselves as Toriel glared soul-piercingly at the both of them and pointed her finger at the suspiciously large amount of car crashes that had just recently occurred literally right behind them through the front windows of the restaurant.

"Uhh...we c-can explain..." Alphys and Undyne stammered awkwardly, huddling together for comfort while everyone in the restaurant continued nastily glaring at them even further.

Chapter 3

TIMG: CHAPTER 3

"So, uhh...we were just making our way home from school together, and...um...well, I guess you could say we weren't really paying much attention to where we were going or what we were doing, but we promise you that we had the absolute best of intentions throughout all of this, and we're extremely sorry for causing so much trouble, and..."

"Shh..." Toriel shushed Alphys and Undyne (who were both rambling their very clearly pre-rehearsed excuses at the exact same time), putting an index finger over both of their mouths.

"Never mind that, my children; in fact, if there's ANYTHING that you two jolly ranchers SHOULD be worried about, it's the recent afternoon news about how some kind of profoundly mysterious and seemingly preposterous giant-robot creature has just recently invaded the Underground!" Toriel explained as she went behind the counter (after all, she was the woman that ran the place) and magically assembled a nice big platter of assorted, mostly alcoholic drinks for her 13-year-old assistant manager, Burgerpants, to dish out to all of the customers.

"Oh dear, this is already beginning to sound like something out of one of my Japanese animes!" Alphys stammered in fear as her knees began quivering and wobbling like a bowl full of Jell-O.

"Dear god, I sure hope this turns out like the Macross saga of Robotech and not any of those OTHER crappy-ass sagas!" Undyne trembled and shook, biting her razor-sharp nails in terror.

"OH GOD, PLEASE NO!" Alphys cringed at the mere mention of Robotech's non-Macross sagas.

"GUYS!" Toriel yelled at them to get their attention back on her and the main subject of the conversation. "Honestly, we really don't know much about this thing yet; all we know is that it looks extremely handsome...like, EXTREMELY!"

"Are we talking, like, Tuxedo Mask handsome?" Alphys asked curiously with a slight giggle.

"SOTN Alucard handsome, perhaps?" Undyne inquired, biting her lip anxiously.

"Think, like, somewhere in-between those two, and you'll pretty much be right on the money if you ask me!" Toriel laughed, pulling up a picture of David Bowie on her iPhone and displaying it to the two of them...which, predictably enough, caused the two of them to swoon with delight.

"KAWAII DESU NEEEEEEE!" Alphys and Undyne both crooned in unison as they got back up, hugged each other lovingly and smooched each other right on the lips in public.

"Burgerpants, I'm sorry, but I really just don't have the patience to deal with these two right now...could you please try and strike up a friendly conversation with them while I bring out the next few batches of drinks? I'll be sure to bring the three of you a very special set of lovingly made milkshakes!" Toriel whispered in Burgerpants' ear, smooching him on the cheek in public.

Once Burgerpants had finally recovered from practically blushing his face off and fainting onto the floor from sheer embarrassment, he immediately ran right over to the table where Alphys and Undyne had chosen to sit together while Toriel brought the three of them milkshakes.

"Hey, dudettes, what's up?" Burgerpants, who was somehow no less than six feet tall and had the voice of a full-grown man despite his rather diminutive age, greeted Alphys and Undyne, who both

waved back at him like kittens and meowed like stereotypical anime catgirls in response.

"Oh, god...as if my current day hasn't already been MORE than long enough..." Burgerpants thought to himself miserably, clutching his head with his hands and trying desperately not to go insane while Alphys and Undyne began stroking his fur and making obnoxious weeaboo noises.

"Alright, look, guys; there's a certain thing called WORDS! And honestly, you two REALLY oughta try USING them sometime!" Burgerpants yelled frustratedly at Alphys and Undyne, slapping both of them right across their faces in hopes of finally making them snap out of their weeaboo fantasies.

"Well, okay then; FINE, Mister I-Know-Everything-There-Is-To-Know-About-Social-Skills! I suppose I WILL use my words for once! Please tell me, sir; what's going on with your freaking FACE right now?!" Undyne jeered sarcastically at Burgerpants...who, at the moment, was grotesquely contorting his face into god-knons-how-many different (but all pretty much equally ridiculously and wildly exaggerated) facial expressions straight out of Ren & Stimpy.

"Well, just to make a long wiener short, it would appear that I currently have a wild SQUIRREL(!) scampering about in my blue jeans! Believe me, I'm trying REALLY(!) hard not to flip out here!" Burgerpants winced and stammered and squealed in pain as said squirrel trampled his dick with its incredibly sharp treerat claws and left numerous punctures in his legs.

"Oh boy, did somebody just say SQUIRRELS?!" Doggo roared with excitement, running around uncontrollably in a circle and making random, utterly spastic barking noises while his tablemate, Lesser Dog, stretched its neck all the way up through the roof in arousal; as you might expect, they were both wagging their tails at the speed of sound and panting up a storm anew with their tongues.

"Oh, sweet merciful crap, it's heading NORTH now! WE'RE ALL DOOMED! HOO-HA-OW-OH-OOF-OW-OOF-AAH! OHHHHHH, you f%# ing CHEEKY little c%#t, you!" Burgerpants laughed and yelled and rambled dementedly in what could only be described as one HELL of a chronic fit of panic and anxiety as the squirrel crawled its way up into his torso region, left an untold number of claw marks and bite marks lining the surface of his back and chest, and even went as far as to bite his nipples and twist them...which, of course, caused him to squeal like a woman.

"It's JUST like one of my Japanese ANIMES!" Alphys laughed sadistically while Burgerpants kneeled onto the ground, clutched his crotch and wailed miserably in pain.

"Sweet jumping Jesus on a stick, Alphys, what in the actual unholy name of F#%& do you WATCH?!" Undyne yelled disgustedly and somewhat confusedly at her as Burgerpants grabbed his pants zipper and readied himself to finally unleash the inevitable upon Silver Sleet while the wild squirrel that was currently in the part of his clothing where his underwear would have been if he actually had the decency to wear such a thing waited deliberately and intently.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize dearly for this, but when you're going commando like I do on a daily basis, sometimes a soldier's gotta do what a horny testosterone-loaded teenage prick like me's gotta DO!" Burgerpants laughed and snickered douchily as he reluctantly and very humiliatedly unzipped his fly, causing the squirrel to immediately pounce out into the restaurant, knocking over basically every glass container in the entire dining area of the building and sending nearly all of the customers (except for the dogs, of course) running out the doors screaming.

"Oh Lord, I think I'm coming down with a case of the vapors!" Toriel moaned in despair as she twirled around on her heels, put the back of her hand over her forehead and fainted head-over-heels onto the floor, dropping the entire plate of beverages that she had been carrying at the moment all

over both herself and the neatly tiled floor in one huge, chaotic mess of broken glass, ice cream, cherries, whipped cream, limes, and crappily thrown-together mixed drinks.

"ARF! RUFF! WOOF! BARK!" Lesser Dog, Greater Dog and Doggo barked, growled and roared in unison as they furiously rampaged all over the place like an enraged buffalo in a china shop, trying with all of their might and failing miserably to catch the squirrel (and knocking over literally every single table, decoration, chair, garbage bin and food additive that wasn't firmly bolted into the floor as a result, of course, because after all, why wouldn't they, am I right?)

"GAH!" Alphys and Undyne shrieked in terror, hugging each other tightly and trembling with fear as the squirrel hissed angrily at them, baring its fangs and maliciously creeping across the tiles toward them...when suddenly, sure enough, Burgerpants swooped in to save the day!

"SHOO, FOUL BEAST, SHOO AND NEVER COME BACK HERE!" Burgerpants yelled valiantly, smacking the squirrel upside the head with a rolled-up newspaper (of which the headline read SKELETON BROTHERS RELEASE RABID SQUIRRELS INTO TOWN) and chasing it right out the door, which he then immediately slammed shut to make sure that the squirrel wouldn't come back in.

"Hey, Burgerpants, are you alright?" Alphys, who was somehow wearing geta sandals at the moment for some odd and peculiar reason (SPOILERS: so was Undyne) asked Burgerpants curiously.

"Well, aside from the fact that my entire body is covered with goddamned scars, I've more than likely got a severe case of freaking HERPES right now, and my feet are currently bleeding even more so than they normally SWEAT on a daily basis...why, I'd say I'm doing just perfectly f%\$&ing FINE, thank you very MUCH!" Burgerpants ranted angrily at Alphys and Undyne as he walked out the front door and slammed it shut yet again, leaving a trail of blood-dust behind him as he dejectedly and miserably walked back to his private house deep in the Snowdin woods.

"Wow, what the hell's HIS problem?" Undyne groaned, shaking her head annoyedly.

"Whatever it is, he's freaking HOT!" Alphys moaned with intense excitement and delight, tapping her foot repeatedly on the platform of her massively oversized sandals like a jackrabbit, panting and drooling uncontrollably and fervently like an overexcited dog, and (of course) wagging her tail vigorously fast as she began erotically daydreaming about Burgerpants' dreamy face, and his gorgeously muscular abs, and his ever-so-wonderfully-handsome-

"Alphys, what the hell's gotten into you?!" Undyne yelled worriedly at Alphys, slapping her across the face to knock her back into focus; after all, it WAS basically the only thing that worked.

"MEOW! MEW! MROW! PURR!" Alphys began obnoxiously meowing and purring like a cat while Undyne scooped her right back up onto her shoulders and carried her back home with her to Toriel's foster home...which, funnily enough, was pretty much just an average-sized three-story house, with basically all of the types of tacky fixtures you would expect from such a place.

"Just you WAIT, Alphys...we WILL meet again, oh yes we WILL!" Flowey laughed and whispered dementedly to himself as he burrowed himself into the ground, popped out in a nearby forest clearing and listened intently to Alphys' and Undyne's completely unimportant conversation.

"Oh, STEPMOTHER, we're HOME!" Alphys and Undyne both yelled to get Toriel's attention as the two of them kicked down the front door of the goat lady's creepy old formerly-abandoned house and came barging right in as if they owned the place, which ironically was actually pretty damned close to more-or-less officially being the case here...much to Toriel's chagrin, of course.

Chapter 4

TIMG: CHAPTER 4

"Alright, so I'll just head straight to the kitchen and grab us some snacks; you go upstairs into the attic and get that brand-spanking new Mew Mew Kissy Cutie DVD of yours ready!" Undyne informed Alphys, heading up the stairs onto the second floor and rummaging through the pantry and refrigerator; meanwhile, Alphys bolted her way up the rest of the stairs onto the third floor, went into her additional bedroom to grab the very same DVD case that Undyne was referring to, then opened up the ceiling hatch and climbed up the magical ladder into the attic (in other words, her official woman-cave and sleeping place), in which she had an incredibly large number of anime-themed posters covering the walls from top to bottom.

While Alphys was busy opening the DVD case and meticulously inserting the disc that it contained into her Playstation 3 (just one of many classic gaming consoles that Alphys secretly owned, along with a hacked Wii) with her often-irritatingly sharp-clawed and rather clumsy fingers and accidentally dropping it multiple times in the process, Undyne was equally busy trying to find a suitable snack for the watching of a Japanese animated series as epic (or in this show's case, epically overrated, just like most animes in general) as Mew Mew Kissy Cutie...which was proving to indeed be a much more difficult task than she had initially realized.

"Hmm...you know what? Screw it; let's just settle for potato chips and Dr. Pepper and call it a night, shall we?!" Undyne whispered irritatedly to herself, losing her patience and simply grabbing the first few things that immediately came to mind out of the fridge and pantry; one big bottle of Dr. Pepper and one ridiculously big bag of barbecue potato chips, to be exact!

"Alright, what'd I miss?" Undyne sighed and shrugged dejectedly as she carefully brought both drink/snack items right up the ladder into the attic and gently shut the hatch behind her.

"Oh, why, nothing, my dear; in fact, I'm afraid we're literally just getting STARTED right now!" Alphys laughed merrily as the two of them sat on the couch together, lovingly wrapped their arms around each other's shoulders and set down their extremely junky food stuff onto the coffee table, pouring the chips into a ridiculously large bowl and...leaving the soda in the bottle?

"What? I just LIKE sharing my DNA with you whenever we eat and drink together!" Undyne chuckled awkwardly and humiliatedly in response to Alphys' sudden Futurama Fry glare at her.

"Sigh...you know what? Me too, Undyne, me too." Alphys shrugged reluctantly, grabbing the Playstation 3 remote off of the sofa's right side-table and promptly hitting the PLAY button.

As the show began, on came the wonderful theme song...which Alphys and Undyne, of course, simply could not stop singing along to literally every single time it came on to save their lives.

"Life was such a wreck everytime I would check!" they sang as the titular main protagonist of the show, known as none other than Moumou Kissy Cutie, leapt onto the screen and introduced the audience to the incredibly overused world that her show took place in...why, Tokyo, of course, and it was even full of giant monsters and robots, just to add icing to the cliché cake!

"I had homework all day but I just wanted to play!" they sang as Moumou sat at her desk and frantically scribbled her way through her math homework in only the most melodramatic of fashions, solving equations with her right hand and writing names for her party invitations with her left while Alphys and Undyne took numerous potato chips from their bowl and ate them.

"And everyone at school would always make fun of me!" they sang as Moumou went to school all decked out in her ridiculously pink and skimpy weeaboo-catgirl outfit and wondered why not a single other person in her entire high school was able to take her even remotely seriously.

"Because my neko-chibi costume was so kawaii!" they sang as Moumou chased after a ball of yarn like an adorable little kitten, causing all of the villains to mindlessly, droolingly fawn over how ridiculously cute she was...which, of course, is pretty much how Alphys' fans treat her.

"I'm just MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE! It's a new way I'd like to be!" they sang as Moumou spun around like a fluffy sharp-clawed tornado and shredded the skin off all of her bullies' faces.

"I'm just MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE! Poor cute and adorable me!" they sang as Moumou began smooching almost every single person in town on the cheek, effectively hypnotizing them.

"We are MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE! We love everyone and everything!" they sang as Moumou led a gargantuan, world-class parade of thoroughly brainwashed citizens through the city without warning while cars of all shapes and sizes swerved, crashed and burned all around them.

"We are MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE! Won't you come and sing with me?" they sang as Moumou flew all the way up onto the very top of the tallest building in Tokyo and saluted the audience with a teasing wink, prompting Alphys and Undyne to involuntarily wink and salute back.

Anyway, long story short, the entire movie went pretty much like this (just like any regular old episode of the show, disappointingly enough)...up until one particularly infamous new scene, that is.

"Hey, wait a minute, wasn't this scene supposed to be DELETED?!" Undyne gasped in shock, covering her mouth with her hands at the mere thought of something like this being in a kids' movie.

"Well, I did get the Director's Cut edition for a REASON, you know!" Alphys chuckled and snorted as one of the main villains, Count Octopus (because Doctor had already been taken, of course) ominously approached Moumou, whom he had just recently bound and gagged, in his private barn, with his tentacle-arms wiggling and waving excitedly in the wind as he walked.

"Um...Octo? WHY exactly are you doing this to me, again?" Moumou asked Octo nervously and rather naively as Octo forcefully ripped the obligatory strip of duct tape off of her mouth while Alphys and Undyne sat on the edge of their seat, their hearts pounding with excitement.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I miss something here? Since when were you NOT the freaking Little Miss Fanservice of this godforsaken show?!" Octo sneered angrily at her, pulling down his pants as he untied her from the ropes, wrapped her up nakedly in his tentacles and let the madness begin.

"OHHHH...OOOH...AHHHH...OH YEAH, I WANT YOU TO SQUIRT YOUR F%#&ING SQUID INK IN THERE LIKE YOU F#\$%ING MEAN IT...OH, YES, RAVAGE ME IN EVERY SINGLE ORIFICE OF MY ENTIRE BODY, SENPAI! FONDLE ME FROM HEAD TO TOE LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW! COME ON, HONEY, F%#&ING PET ME! MAKE ME YOUR ALMOST-LITERAL F#\$&ING BITCH! WHAT ARE YOU F#%&ING WAITING FOR, SENPAI?!" Moumou moaned and screamed with pleasure while Alphys and Undyne just stared blankly at the screen, their jaws hung open in disbelief as they struggled with all of their might to comprehend the freakish horrors that they were currently witnessing.

"Uhh...no offense, but I REALLY don't think we should be watching stuff like this at our current age!" Undyne warned Alphys, putting her hands over the poor thing's eyes and covering them.

"Gee, ya THINK?!" Alphys yelled angrily at her, smacking her hands away as Octo grabbed a nice, big, juicy horse from one of the local stables and proudly displayed it to Moumou.

"OH GOD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT HORSE...OH, GOD, NOT THE WIENER! NOT THE WIENER! AUUUGH! HAGGGH! BLEEEAUUUGHHH!" Moumou gagged and vomited while Alphys and Undyne tilted their heads and stared awkwardly in speechless wonderment at the absolutely horrific things that were currently happening, with only the most priceless of looks on their faces as Toriel, who had just recently regained consciousness, arrived back at the house, heard them up in the attic and decided to go up there and check on them.

"Those two had DAMNED better not be watching hentai while I'm not looking again!" Toriel growled frustratedly, clenching her hands into fists as she stormed up the stairs...and then immediately quivering her knees and shaking in fear as she approached the entrance hatch to her attic and suddenly began to very clearly hear all of the incredibly loud and disgusting screaming, moaning and whinnying noises that were currently coming from up there.

"OH, GOD, TURN IT OFF, TURN IT OFF!" Alphys begged Undyne desperately, burying her head in her pillow and screaming in horror as her fish girlfriend fumbled frantically with the remote.

"I'M TRYING, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" Undyne screamed in a fit of panic as she hit the POWER button and shut the Playstation 3 right in the nick of time, just as Toriel was reluctantly coming up through the entrance hatch into the attic to see what kind of disgusting and depraved drivel her adoptive daughters had been secretly watching together without her permission THIS time.

"Um...heh heh...uh, w-we were just w-watching a Halloween t-themed episode! EHEHE!" Alphys stammered, blushed and giggled, crossing her legs and wagging her tail and twiddling her fingers awkwardly while Undyne pretty much did the exact same only without the tail.

"Yeah, I mean, no offense, but honestly, what in the world could have made you think that we were secretly watching PORN up here?" Undyne sarcastically teased Toriel, grinning awkwardly and patting Alphys on the back while Toriel put her hands on her hips and glared profoundly disappointedly at the two of them, causing both of them to tremble and gulp with fear.

"Sigh...you know what? Just go outside and play or something; honestly, I really don't have the time and energy to deal with you two right now, let alone all of the other stuff that's currently going on around here at the moment. At least be good, okay?" Toriel politely requested of the two of them, simultaneously patting both of them on the shoulders and wrapping her arms around them in a nice, big, warm and motherly hug.

"I WILL...IF YOU'LL PLEASE...STOP SQUEEZING...MY LUNGS!" Alphys choked and coughed, gasping for air as both her lungs and Undyne's alike were ferociously squeezed shut.

Once they had gotten their toy military gear out of the toybox in the attic's closet and strapped it all on, Alphys and Undyne then proceeded to forcefully kick the front door of Toriel's open for the second time in a row and proudly display their incredibly (not) badass attire to the desolate, postapocalyptic urban world of City 17 (or just the forest, whichever you prefer), backpacks and all!

"Greetings, evil space army from another planet! I'm Alphys; Alphys Freeman!" Alphys, who was currently wielding a crowbar from the garage and wearing a cheesy orange tracksuit from probably the 1970s or 80s, greeted her imaginary (and incredibly humanoid, and hazmat-suited, and glowy-eyed) extraterrestrial Combine enemy valiantly, posing dramatically as a multitude of pistol-wielding Combine police officers surrounded her and Undyne on all sides.

"And I'm Undyne; Undyne Vance! No matter how much punishment I take, no matter how many times you shoot me, no matter how many times the next game of this series gets delayed to hell to back, I WILL NEVER DIE!" Undyne boasted in only the most badass manner possible as she reached into the holster of the blue jeans she was wearing right underneath her grey hoodie and pulled out her pump-action revolver, which in real life was just an empty Maverick.

"And together, with the powers combined, we are THE COMBINE TO END ALL COMBINES!" Alphys and Undyne laughed triumphantly as they both charged headfirst into battle.

"Hey, how many hits does it take to beat a moron to death? WHOOPS, SORRY, TIME'S UP, YOU'RE DEAD!" Alphys laughed smugly as she ran up to one of the Combine officers and bashed his face in with her crowbar while he just stood there pointing his gun at her absentmindedly; meanwhile, Undyne ducked behind cover, got out her binoculars and called down an airstrike onto the rest of the crowd, with them somehow being too dumb to even realize what she was doing while Alphys, being the smart one, fled quickly to safety.

"F%# ing early-2000s video game AI..." Undyne muttered under her breath, shaking her head disappointedly and facepalming as she followed Alphys into the next borderline-scripted segment of the assault, in which an alarmingly large and divided group of Combine soldiers was standing on easily breakable wooden platforms jutting out of several crumbling and heavily broken-down nearby buildings at frighteningly high elevations off of the ground...and of course, they were all surrounded by explosive barrels, because why not?

On a semi-related side note, there was also another moderately large and incredibly stupid formation of Combine soldiers arranged behind a blockade of broken-down car wrecks down on the street level, completely oblivious to the fact that Alphys had a gun that could THROW such things AT them!

"BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!" Undyne chuckled as she ducked behind cover, took aim and shot each barrel one-by-one with her revolver, blowing up large chunks of the buildings (sending said chunks lethally crashing down onto several particularly unfortunate soldiers down below) and sending the explosion victims flying through the air with their limbs flailing about like those of ragdolls, officially making the entire situation impossible to take seriously.

"STEE-RIKE!" Alphys laughed uproariously as she reached into her backpack and pulled out her Ghostbuster cannon, I mean, gravity gun, picked up several cars with it, and hurled them all simultaneously at the Combine soldiers in one massive cavalcade of scrap metal, bowling the poor soldiers over like pins as she and Undyne were suddenly ambushed by none other than-

"A GIANT ORGANIC ALIEN HELICOPTER!" Undyne and Alphys screamed in terror as they immediately leapt behind the makeshift cover provided by all of the destroyed buildings and vehicles, reluctantly reached into their backpacks and pulling out their Nerf ball bazookas, I mean, rocket launchers, aimed them directly at the beast, and took fire...only...

"GOD DAMN IT, our freaking BAZOOKAS are empty!" Undyne groaned, facepalming herself in shame as the helicopter eagerly charged up its deadly machine-gun cannon, when suddenly...

"Oh, RIGHT..." Alphys shrugged as a ragtag team of rebels hiding in various background buildings fired all of their laser-guided rockets at the beast simultaneously, causing it to break down and crash into the ground right where Alphys and Undyne were grouped together!

"HOLY SHNIKES!" Alphys and Undyne screamed, reflexively sprinting and lunging out of the way right before the helicopter hit the ground and exploded into fiery bits; of course, said explosion left an unsettlingly large hole in the ground, through which a swarm of headcrabs

crawled out through the sewer system and lunged straight for Alphys' and Undyne's heads one after the other!

"BATTER UP!" Alphys laughed excitedly as she fiercely swung her crowbar back and forth with perfect timing, hitting each headcrab right out of the air to their death in mid-lunge-at-her!

"UNDYNE PUNCH! UNDYNE KICK! YES, COME ON, SHOW ME YOUR MOVES!" Undyne roared valiantly as she deflected nearly every single headcrab that came at her with her bare fists and feet, then finally smashed the last one's nonexistent face in WITH HER HEAD, effectively killing it in the most ironic manner possible while Alphys just stood and gawked in amazement.

"Alright, here comes the FINAL BOSS! BRING IT ON, MOTHERHUBBARDS!" Undyne laughed as she and Alphys approached the Citadel tower, which Dr. Breen's massive, fifty-foot-tall, obviously evil robot of death and destruction was currently busy eating for some odd reason.

"Wait...THIS game had an ACTUAL final boss?" Alphys scratched her head in confusion as the massive, iron giant turned his head over to the side and curiously gazed upon her and Undyne.

"Of COURSE it didn't, which is actually one of many reasons why the first Half-Life was ACTUALLY kind of a better freaking GAME than this one in retrospect! NOW YOU DIE!" Dr. Breen laughed as he grabbed the entire Citadel and swung it at his assailants, knocking the both of them right back into reality!

Chapter 5

TIMG: CHAPTER 5

"Oh, sweet jumping JELLYFISH, is that...is that the giant ROBOT thing that everyone was talking about?!" Undyne gasped, putting her hands over her mouth and trembling in terror as she and Alphys sat together with their backs pressed firmly against one of the forest's many trees as they witnessed the colossal metallic beauty that was Mettaton kneeling majestically on the ground and eating the living crap out of the local Snowdin Town power generator, chewing up the hard, solid metal with his dainty little celebrity teeth and swallowing it in big chunks while Alphys and Undyne screamed loudly for him to stop.

"It's time to STOP! It's time to STOP, okay?!" Alphys ran up behind him and yelled angrily at Mettaton as he worked his way down to the very center of the power generator and readied himself to begin chewing on its figurative "bone marrow", so to speak.

"Where the hell are your parents? Who ARE your parents?!" Undyne yelled at Mettaton, who turned his head off to the side and glanced curiously at her and Alphys in response.

"I'm gonna call Child Protective Services! IT'S TIME TO STOP!" Alphys yelled as Undyne climbed up onto Mettaton's back and made her way up to his head, where she immediately began viciously biting and pulling and yanking his hair in anger, much to his annoyance and dismay.

"GWAAAAAAAH!" Undyne (and her skeleton) shrieked in agony as Mettaton bit down on the exposed power core, electrocuting both her and himself in the process and causing him to temporarily shut down from the resulting massive electrical overload to his internal systems.

"Boy, I sure know what I'M having for dinner tonight!" Alphys snidely teased the crisply fried Undyne with an incredibly smug and glaring smirk, cradling her in her arms and licking her lips.

"Oh, SHUT up!" Undyne laughed, giggling and wiggling adorably in Alphys' arms while Mettaton suddenly recovered from his recent self-electrocution and woke up!

"PLEASE don't eat me! I'm too CHEWY!" Alphys got down on her knees and cried and sobbed and begged on Mettaton's behalf, setting Undyne (who was already trying not to laugh from the absolute spectacle that the poor girl was making of herself) down onto the ground, crawling over to his handsomely high-heeled feet and wetly smooching them in servitude.

"Not to mention, she's also WAY too freaking CUTE!" Undyne laughed, running over to the now-thoroughly-humiliated Alphys and pinching and stretching her chubby, dorky, rosy little cheeks.

"CUTE?" Mettaton scratched his head and asked curiously.

"Yes indeed, she is absolutely nothing SHORT of the very definition of CUTE!" Undyne giggled as she cuddled and squeezed Alphys' chubby little dinosaur body and held it out in front of her while it fidgeted about, twiddled its fingers together, wagged its tail nervously and wiggled its feet about...and then immediately wet itself, blushed brightly from head to toe, shamefully buried its head in its dainty little paws and began humbly whimpering like a sad and scared little puppy from the mere physical contact of Undyne's lips with its precious little face, of course.

"AWW!" Mettaton purred like an innocent little kitten, pressing his palms together and resting his cheek on the combined set of hands as he immediately saved the heart-meltingly adorable Alphyne shipping into his memory banks while Undyne playfully ruffled up Alphys' quills.

"EEE! STOP IT!" Alphys squeaked and giggled, wiggling her legs frantically as Undyne took the opportunity to reach in with one of her fingernails and tickle the adorable lizard nerd's equally adorable little feet...then flip her upside down and begin lovingly licking them, just for kicks.

"Wow, these little beauties actually taste quite DELICIOUS for some odd reason!" Undyne laughed and stammered embarrassedly, dangling Alphys by the tail with one hand and gently massaging her gorgeously soft and scaly soles with the other as she continued licking them even further, causing the poor lizard girl to burst out into hysterical tears of laughter.

"UNDY-HY-HY-HYNE, STAH-HAH-HAHP IT! YOU'RE TOTALLY HUMILIATING ME-HEE-HEE-HEE!" Alphys nearly died laughing as she accidentally kicked Undyne right in the face with her frantically-waving-up-and-down, knocking her over onto the ground and giving her a nosebleed.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry, are you okay?!" Alphys cried, kneeling onto the ground, lifting Undyne's upper torso upright and glaring worriedly and passionately into her loving eyes as she woke up.

"Oh, don't worry about the nosebleed, you silly goose; why, I had already gotten it just from the mere SIGHT of those wonderful soles of yours!" Undyne laughed, patting Alphys on the head.

"Geeze, I sure hope the REST of my fanbase doesn't turn out like this after seeing what already happened to Toriel..." Alphys muttered somewhat disgustedly to herself as she looked up and faced the giant nervously, struggling with all of her might to come up with something to say.

"Psst, psst, psst!" Undyne whispered into Alphys' ear, glancing off to the left and then right of herself to make sure that no one was watching them and seeing what was happening at the moment.

"Umm...w-why don't you come and live with us for a little w-while?" Alphys stammered awkwardly, interlocking her hands together and quivering her knees intimidatedly.

"Yeah, let's take you HOME with us, whaddaya say to THAT?!" Undyne laughed triumphantly as she scooped Alphys up into her arms and ran back through the forest at full speed to the foster home where she and Alphys had started their recent journey, with Mettaton following along eagerly behind them.

"My, my, how incredibly INTERESTING!" Flowey cackled evilly, hiding in a nearby clearing and rubbing his leaves together as he transformed back into his Asriel form and dialed up Asgore on the phone.

"Alright, so...have you managed to find any new information on Mettaton?" Asgore asked Asriel over the phone, drinking a massive, heaping sip of coffee from his #1 MR. DAD GUY mug.

"Well, from what I've seen so far, not really, other than the fact that he apparently likes to eat metal. Oh, and also, Alphys and Undyne just recently found him and are now taking him to god-knows-where-in-the-forest with them; just thought maybe you'd like to know." Asriel explained in a remarkably deadpan tone, pinching and rubbing his thumbs and fingers together in boredom.

"Oh, come on, don't play dumb with your own father; you know EXACTLY where those two are taking him. In fact, I'd wager that you actually know VERY well where they're taking him!" Asgore groaned and shook his head in disappointment while Asriel had a sudden eureka moment!

"OF COURSE! HOW COULD I BE SO FREAKING BLIND?! Man, I really should have KNOWN that they'd be taking him to Toriel's new foster home in Snowdin...since after all, that

DOES just so happen to be the place where they currently freaking LIVE! GAH, STUPID, STUPID, STUPID!" Asriel ranted angrily at himself, bashing his head against a nearby tree in frustration.

"Well, absolute ignorance of yours aside, I would strongly advise not being RUDE with this operation, if you can avoid doing so. Therefore, I'm ordering you to please at least wait until next morning before you start interrogating the poor girl, okay?" Asgore commanded him sternly, hanging up the phone and leaving Asriel cackling evilly to himself yet again.

"Oh, you'd better NOT believe that I'm going to just sit and WAIT all the way until next FREAKING morning for a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of THIS utterly magnificent caliber and magnitude! No sirree, I'm doing this right freaking NOW!" Flowey laughed dementedly with a sadistic grin on his face as he burrowed into the ground and made his way over to Toriel's house as slowly as possible, still giving Alphys and Undyne ample time to do their nightly business...time, of course, that they were naturally spending in the front yard with Mettaton.

"Alright, so, can you perhaps tell us where you actually CAME from, and maybe even potentially WHY, perhaps?" Alphys asked Mettaton curiously, shaking her clipboard nervously and nibbling anxiously on her pencil as she glanced to the left and right of her in a very paranoid fashion.

"You just said 'perhaps' twice." Undyne groaned and sighed, glaring exhaustedly at her.

"I KNOW..." Alphys groaned and shrugged equally exhaustedly, her eyelids beginning to develop bulbous, drooping bags from how tired she already clearly was at the moment.

"..." Mettaton responded, pointing his finger straight up toward the sky.

"Space, I assume?" Alphys sighed, rolling her eyes ever-so-slightly at how incredibly generic and clichéd the whole prospect really was in retrospect as she twirled her pencil and struggled to stay awake.

"SPACE..." Mettaton responded as if it was literally his first time hearing the word while vague memories of all the shiny and sparkling wonders that he had seen scattered throughout space on his journey from whichever planet he came from to Earth suddenly came flooding back to him.

"Tell me, Mister Giant, sir; is there anything in particular that you would especially like to be someday?" Undyne asked Mettaton teasingly, already knowing exactly what he was about to say.

"STAR?" Mettaton replied, scratching his head and trying to recall whether or not 'star' was actually the right word for what he was referring to as he drew a cute little five-pointed-star shape in one of the leftover patches of snow from the fall and winter seasons with his finger.

"Um...hopefully, that can be arranged someday, in some way or another!" Alphys blushed and stammered embarrassedly as all kinds of thoughts immediately began running through her mind.

"Say, speaking of stars...you ever heard of Mew Mew Kissy Cutie?" Undyne asked Mettaton, who merely shrugged and shook his head due to the fact that he simply had no idea what Undyne was talking about and (like most people on Earth, for that matter) didn't really care.

"Well, you should definitely check it out sometime; in fact, I do believe I've got the original manga right here in my pocket!" Alphys explained as she reached into her magical coat pockets, pulled out the incredibly massive Volume 1 book of the original series (nearly half of which was comprised mainly of formulaic, forgettable filler of the highest degree) and blew a heaping cloud of dust off of it, causing Undyne to choke and cough and sputter in disgust.

"MANGA?" Mettaton scratched his head in confusion.

"Well, anyway, I may not have read it in a very long time, but basically, this series chronicles the playful and often mischievous adventures of an adorable young teenage catgirl celebrity named Moumou as she spreads joy and happiness all across the entire world!" Alphys explained somewhat embarrassedly, realizing how incredibly corny this series' premise was.

"CELEBRITY...STAR..." Mettaton whispered dramatically as he posed flamboyantly, threw his head back, and gazed straight up into the starry night sky through a precariously ginormous sinkhole that the previous giant handsome robot before him had presumably left in Snowdin's ceiling.

"Um, uh-huh, right...well, anyway, the point of the matter is this; unless I'm horribly mistaken or something, it would appear to me and Undyne that Moumou is indeed the type of person you secretly want to be, judging from your outward appearance alone." Alphys explained, tapping her foot and jotting down an extensive multitude of notes on her clipboard as she spoke.

"So tell us, partner; are you UP for the CHALLENGE or are you really just the little THREE-YEAR-OLD you act like?!" Undyne asked him ferociously as she grabbed a ten-foot-tall tree sprout and violently yanked it right out of the ground, just because she could.

"TREE..." Mettaton moaned with pleasure as he effortlessly uprooted a fully grown, thirty-foot-tall evergreen tree and ate it like it was nothing, causing both Alphys and Undyne to stop dead in their tracks and freeze solid in place, with their jaws all but literally dropping straight to the ground.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"Um, OKAY, Undyne, you can pick your jaw back up and snap out of it now!" Alphys reminded Undyne annoyedly, waving her hand in front of the awestruck fish lady's utterly disbelieving face. "Um, hello, Earth to Undyne, HELLO? This is my freaking FOOT speaking, you know!"

"MMM..." Undyne murred and blushed with delight as Alphys stuck one of her cute little lizard feet into her mouth and let her suck on it for the next few minutes as she asked Mettaton one last very important question regarding his potential ability to hide from authorities.

"So tell me, Mettaton...OOH, that feels so good...is there anything that you could perhaps, OHHHHH, I don't know, like, TRANSFORM into or something?" Alphys moaned and stammered in an awkward mixture of pleasure and embarrassment as Undyne lovingly sucked on her dainty little toes.

"Okay, that's freaking ENOUGH, you disgusting little freakshow!" Alphys hissed disgustedly at Undyne, abruptly removing her now-soggy foot from the fish lady's wetly salivating mouth and slapping her across the face while Mettaton racked his CPU for a suitable answer to Alphys' question.

Chapter 6

TIMG: CHAPTER 6

"TRANSFORM!" Mettaton commanded himself needlessly as he transformed himself from his sexy and humanoid EX form into his just-plain-adorable BOX form, twirled around on his one single locomotive wheel and posed beautifully for the borderline-nonexistent audience.

"Alright, now that you've converted yourself into a smaller and more compact form, I need you to go and hide in that old abandoned barn over there!" Alphys explained, pointing her finger at the dilapidated old barn building that she was referring to...which, coincidentally enough, just so happened to be conveniently located right next to Toriel's house, so thank God for that.

"BARN..." Mettaton whispered somewhat interestedly to himself as he rolled his way over to the barn, laid himself face-up on the ground, retracted his arms and wheel into his currently rectangular-cube-shaped body, and used his rocket propulsion systems to gently float himself into the barn and sleep there, slowly but surely recharging (some of) his energy in the process.

"Come on now, follow me before someone lingering around out here SEES us!" Alphys beckoned hastily to Undyne, grabbing her by the arm and dragging her back into Toriel's house with her; luckily, since Toriel was already in bed, there was no need for the two of them to say goodnight to her as they ran up into the attic, changed into their matching Mew Mew Kissy Cutie pajamas and slept together on their queen-sized bed in super-duper-snuggly fashion.

"Alright, looks like the coast is clear!" Flowey cackled to himself as he made his way over to Toriel's house, burrowed underneath the door and then rapidly (yet silently) teleporting his way up the stairs until he finally reached the top floor, where he then proceeded to open up the ceiling hatch (by pulling the dangling rope on it with his vines, of course) and slink his way up the ladder into Toriel's attic, where he scratched his head in confusion out of sheer wonderment of whose head he wanted to sneak inside first; Alphys' or Undyne's.

"Eh, I guess I'll start with the actually SMART one of the two; seems like the overall SMART thing to do, if you ask me!" Flowey jokingly whispered and chuckled to himself as he stuck his reality-warping vines right up both of Alphys' ear canals and teleported himself directly into her brain.

"Man, TALK about a big freaking sponge!" Flowey gasped in amazement as he saw, in all of its hyper-detailed real-life glory, how incredibly spacious and complex the inside of Alphys' brain really was.

The internal and external walls alike were gorgeously decorated with a remarkably vast neural network of multicolored wires that ran through the organ's thousands upon thousands of folds and wrinkles, and the bioelectrical current running through said wires was so powerful that it was actually fully visible and posed a very serious electrocution hazard...which Flowey had luckily already learned the (long and) hard way the last time he had visited the place in fanfiction. (Yeah, let's never speak of Vengeful Torment again, shall we?)

And of course, in typical classic-cartoon-trope fashion, the entire network of said wires was directly connected to an intimidatingly massive central control supercomputer, which was so amazingly high-tech and advanced that it somehow even had a flippable keyboard deck with god-knows-how-many levers and buttons on its underside, much to Flowey's delight.

"You know, narrator, I really appreciate your rather disturbing level of descriptiveness regarding the bodily organ that I'm currently in at the moment and all, but you're already creeping me out even more than I am right now, which I'll have you is actually saying a HELL of a lot, given the types of thoughts that are currently running through my head right now!" Flowey ranted angrily at me, baring his frightfully sharp teeth and hissing ominously at me. Bring it on, I replied.

"Tch, freaking endo fags!" Flowey chuckled with an irritatingly smug grin on his face as he tiptoed his way over to the supercomputer and flipped the keyboard right over, revealing the aforementioned myriad of unsettlingly shiny and brightly colored buttons, levers and joysticks on its underside.

"Wow, what a bunch of cool TOYS for me to play with...HA! Who the hell am I kidding, this stupidly overcomplicated bullshit doesn't interest me at all; hell, I'm honestly not sure how I ever even managed to figure out how to properly work it myself!" Flowey laughed and smiled adorably in memory of all the good times he had previously had in these types of scenes.

"Actually, wait a minute...you know what? On second thought, there are so many dirty and nasty things I could potentially make Alphys do with Undyne right now that I quite frankly don't even know where to BEGIN, let alone how I'm going to explain myself to my parents if and when they almost inevitably end up finding out about it!" Flowey thought (and whispered) maliciously to himself, his face suddenly contorting into an incredibly disturbing slasher smile as he fervently licked his lips and began drooling at the mouth and twitching in his seat with excitement.

"Flowey, I'm very seriously warning you this time; there's a time and place for everything, and it most DEFINITELY isn't now!" a bone-chillingly mysterious telepathic voice that sounded more-than-suspiciously like Gaster's echoed through Flowey's mind right when he was just about to push the STRIP NAKED and MAKE PARTNER EAT OUT buttons!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Indeed, this was actually the true secret behind just about literally anyone of any given level of intelligence being able to operate the ludicrously complex control systems within the monsters' brains; as it turns out, through a bizarre mixture of cartoon logic and highly sophisticated magic, the internal operator could basically make the buttons and levers do LITERALLY whatever he/she/it wanted through the sheer power of imagination and determination (wink, wink).

"Umm, o-kay, I am DEFINITELY not risking whatever THAT creepy bastard might end up doing to me if I choose to disobey his orders! VERY WELL THEN, ON WITH THE PLAN HERE!" Flowey shuddered, gulped and stammered in fear as he carefully inserted one of his vines into Alphys' disproportionately large mind socket and projected himself into the poor girl's subconscious.

"Damn it, Flowey, I'll have you know that before YOU came along and screwed everything up as ALWAYS, I was busy having one of the happiest Undyne-marriage dreams of my entire freaking LIFE!" Alphys sneered angrily at Flowey, wishing that the little bastard would at least give her some privacy for once, and perhaps even stop reminding her about how one of her past Determination experiments was actually the primary reason why that one particular form of his even existed in the first place while he was at it. You know, just common monster courtesy.

"Oh, believe me, I've seen the Alphyne porn collection you've got going on in your memory banks; if there's ANYONE besides pretty much everyone else in the entire Underground that would know about your disturbingly kinky little crush on her, it's me!" Flowey laughed and raised his eyebrows suggestively with a fertilizer-eating grin on his face while his real-world counterpart scrolled his way through page after page of exactly what his astral projection was talking about, stroking his

pelvic stamens passionately and furiously in the process.

"Also, why am I freaking BUCK-NAKED right now?!" Alphys shrieked in disgust, crossing her legs and covering her nipples with her hands as she blushed and trembled in helpless embarrassment.

"Quite frankly, my dear, I think you already KNOW why!" Flowey teasingly stuck his tongue out and winked at Alphys while his real-world counterpart screamed in pleasure and blasted out a full cup of hot, gooey, slimy and oh-so-sticky nectar (vine sauce, if you will) all over her manual control panel.

"Alright, look, you freaking despicable son-of-a-bitch; if you came here looking for information about Metta-whatever-the-f#% -he's-called, I can ASSURE you that you are absolutely NOT going to be getting it tonight!" Alphys clenched her fists and growled lividly at Flowey, steam pouring out from her ears as her face turned red with mixed feelings of pent-up anger and disgust.

"Don't play DUMB with me, SMARTY-pantsless!" Flowey teased Alphys trollishly as his real-world counterpart went deeper still into her memory-bank library and found an extensive gallery of things that he had already seen before; little did he know, Alphys was so incredibly smart that her brain had somehow magically deleted every last image of Mettaton's BOX form from her memory just in case some random intruder like Flowey decided to nose about in there.

"Now tell me, Alphys; WHERE are you keeping Mettaton right now?" Flowey asked Alphys threateningly despite already having a pretty good idea of what the answer to his own question was as his astral projection tied up Alphys by the wrists and ankles with his vines while his real-world counterpart took full control over her body and made her leap out of bed, grab Undyne roughly with her claws and carry her over to a nearby chair with a maliciously toothy smirk on her face.

"I'm never telling scum like you ANYTHING about such an incredibly sensitive subject, ESPECIALLY if you're going to have an attitude like THIS!" Alphys sneered disgustedly at Flowey, projectile-spitting onto his face while her real-world counterpart tied Undyne up in the chair, duct-taped her mouth firmly shut, pulled an extremely sharp kitchen knife out from her pocket and hissed like a bloodthirsty snake as she got behind the poor fish lady and terrifyingly held the knife's blade right up against her neck, causing her to tremble and squeal in helpless terror.

"Since when were YOU the one in CONTROL here?!" Flowey bit back angrily at Alphys as extended out several more vines from his disturbingly complex system of roots and began tickling Alphys' feet, armpits, belly and tail all at the exact same time, causing her to hysterically scream and cry in a manic fit of laughter while Undyne screamed and cried for her adoptive mommy...but to absolutely no avail whatsoever, since after all, her entire mouth was no-less-than-completely covered in duct tape, not to mention that Toriel was sleeping all the way down in the master bedroom on the first floor, wearing a very thick set of earmuffs as she did so.

"BWAHAHAHAHA! SWEET MERCIFUL JEE-HEE-HEESUS, STOP IT! STAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP IT! I'M BEGGING YOU! I'M FREE-HEEKING BEH-HEHGING YOO-HOO-HOO-HOU!" Alphys laughed and screamed and cried hysterically as waterfalls of tears streamed down her immensely blushing face as she helplessly struggled with all of her might to break free of her botanic restraints, prompting Flowey to tighten said restraints even further.

"So TELL me, Alphys; am I TICKLING your fancy right now or WHAT?" Flowey laughed hysterically, toppling face-first onto the ground and forcefully pounding his leaves against it in a profoundly childish fit of utterly sadistic amusement while Alphys' real-world counterpart drew her finger across her neck threateningly and pressed her knife even harder against Undyne's throat until blood-red droplets of dust began leaking out, which the demonically possessed weeaboo lizard

promptly licked up while Undyne moaned and wailed and shrieked in horror.

"I SWEAR TO GAH-HAH-HAH-HAHD, I'LL TELL YOU LITERALLY ANYTHEE-HEE-HEE-HEENG AS LAH-HAH-HAH-HAHNG AS IT AT LEAST KEE-HEE-HEE-HEEPS YOU FROM MAKING JO-HO-HO-HOKES LIKE THAA-HAA-HAA-HAAT!" Alphys almost literally laughed her lungs out while Flowey wiped the tears from his eyes and meekly pulled himself back up into upright position and bit down on his own confusingly existent jaw, still trying his absolute hardest to stop himself from laughing at the poor girl's expense as he finally stopped tickling her and allowed her some breathing room.

"HA, JUST KIDDING!" Flowey laughed uproariously as he immediately resumed his brutal tickle-torturing of Alphys, causing the poor thing to finally give in and confess her already incredibly and blatantly obvious secret regarding Mettaton's location to Flowey as tears of sadness, joy, anger, fear, disgust and literally everything in between streamed down her face.

"THE BARN! HEE-HEE'S HIDING IN THE BAR-HAR-HAR-HARN!" Alphys laughed exhaustedly, collapsing onto her hands and knees and gasping and panting desperately for air as Flowey finally released her from his flowery grip and stopped tickling her once and for all, returning both Undyne's and Alphys' bodies to their rightful place in bed and declaring his work in the latter's noggin done as he attempted to slowly sneak his way back out of Alphys' head through her nose.

"Alphys, pardon my asking, but seriously, what in the actual flying F%#& has gotten into you lately?!" Undyne hissed angrily at Alphys, smacking her on the shoulder.

"Well, long story short, I'm pretty sure I just got the inner workings of my head invaded upon by none other than the infamous Flowey...also known as Prince Asriel Dreemurr, the eternal GAHH-AHH-AHH-CHOO!" Alphys sneezed violently, blowing Flowey right out of her nose and onto the floor in a big, nasty pile of gooey, slimy, filthy and ever-so-sticky mucus.

"YOU!" Alphys and Undyne both roared furiously at him, clenching their hands into fists and gritting their teeth while the poor psychotic sociopath backed away nervously and did the jazz leaves.

"Now, now, no h-hard f-feelings!" Flowey stammered in terror, backing up firmly against the wall and sweating literal buckets while Alphys and Undyne ominously edged closer and closer to him, both of them clenching their hands into menacingly vicious claws and baring their goofy, dorky teeth at him...when suddenly, they both decided to try and simultaneously tackle him onto the ground!

"HA, PSYCHE!" Flowey laughed trollishly, teleporting away into the front yard just as Alphys and Undyne were literally right about to pounce onto him like a pair of ferocious, bloodthirsty lions!

"AFTER HIM!" Alphys commanded Undyne valiantly as the two of them jumped back down through the hatch onto the third floor, immediately ran (well, actually more like tripped and tumbled) straight down the staircase to the first floor, forcefully kicked the door open for no less than the actual third time so far, and made a beeline straight for the abandoned barn.

"Hmm, let's see, what's in here?" Flowey wondered as he opened up the unusually massive front door with his vines and found what appeared to be nothing more than a giant overglorified toaster with much of its face covered in fancy, glowy neon lights just laying there lifelessly.

"GOD DAMNIT, ALPHYS, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU WOULD FREAKING LIE TO ME LIKE THIS! YOU STUPID BASTARDS REALLY F%#&ING THINK I'M STUPID

ENOUGH TO NOT F#&%ING KNOW THAT THIS ISN'T THE REAL GOD-DAMNED METTATON?!" Flowey screamed furiously, causing both Alphys and Undyne to reluctantly (and somewhat painfully) bite down on their jaws and hold their breaths to stop themselves from laughing at his simply astonishing naiveté.

"I swear to Lord Neptune, that f& #ing kid is AT LEAST as dumb as a sack of sea urchins!" Undyne groaned and sighed in utter disappointment, facepalming herself while Alphys did the same.

"ILL say!" Alphys pointed and laughed at Flowey, sticking her tongue out teasingly at him.

"You know what? Screw this! If you're going to f%#\$ing BEE like this, then I can always very easily just wait until tomorrow or some sh*t! For the time BEEING, however, I'll have you two know that I've got other places to BEE, other places to GROW!" Flowey spat disgustedly (and disgustingly hypocritically, of course) at Alphys and Undyne as he childishly turned vine-tail and ran away, finally showing some actual genuine sympathy and leaving the poor girls alone.

"Alphys, just so you know, I don't think I'm ever going to be able to sleep soundly again!" Undyne shuddered and stammered nervously to Alphys, hugging her pillow and frantically glancing around herself in a profoundly paranoid and cowardly manner.

"Me neither!" Alphys chuckled merrily at first, then immediately broke down into tears as she curled herself up into a chubby little nerd ball and helplessly trembled in fear, with bloody tissues stuffed into her nose and Toriel's stolen earmuffs thoroughly covering her earholes as she and Undyne reluctantly snuggled together and fell back asleep for the rest of the night.

"ILL GET YOU, FAGGOTS..." Flowey angrily and frustratedly whispered to himself as he miserably trudged his way back to Snowdin Town and impatiently stayed the night.

Chapter 7

TIMG: CHAPTER 7

Very early the next morning, at about 5:00 AM to be exact, Alphys and Undyne were now pacing around their room and scratching their chins in a profoundly puzzled manner, trying to come up with an effective new plan of action to counter Asriel's recent...ahem...ADVANCES.

"So, what do you think we should do with Mettaton? Like, where should we take him and stuff?" Undyne asked Alphys curiously, looking out the attic's massive window and admiring the somehow still-aurora-lit view with Alphys as the two of them hugged each other yet again.

"Well, you tell me, Undyne; who's the incredibly creepy and eccentric pervert around here that (somehow) no one will EVER initially suspect of secretly harboring a giant potentially-killer robot that presumably came from another planet in his private residence?" Alphys asked Undyne quizzically, smirking intently as Undyne promptly followed suit in realization of how utterly brilliant Alphys' new plan actually was.

"Um, okay, look, Alphys; I really like the idea, and I'm really happy for you, and I'm going to let you finish...but are you SURE we should be hanging out with a creepy f%#& like BURGERPANTS?!" Undyne yelled confusedly at Alphys, flailing her arms up and down like a human hummingbird while Alphys began awkwardly patting her on the head to calm her down.

"Oh, RELAX, you; TRUST me, it'll be perfectly FINE! In fact, believe it or not, Burgerpants is actually kind of a really cool guy once you get to know him..." Alphys whispered excitedly as she pressed her palms together, leaned her head onto her hands and began softly squeaking with joy at the mere thought of how incredibly dreamy Burgerpants apparently was to her.

"Um, Earth to Alphys? HELLO?" Undyne sighed and facepalmed annoyedly, waving her hand in front of Alphys' suddenly frozen-like-a-living-statue face to try and get her to move again.

"Well, if you can't beat 'em, then I suppose the next best option is to deFEET 'em, am I right?" Undyne chuckled wholeheartedly as she stuck her foot into Alphys' wide-open, drooling mouth...only for the incredibly big-toothed little dinosaur to then immediately chomp down on it, causing the poor fish lady to squeal in pain as she hopped up and down on one foot and held the other by the ankle, shooting the already-playfully-giggling Alphys a mean look in response.

"Alright, Toriel, we're heading out now! GOODBYE!" Alphys and Undyne called out to Toriel as they redressed themselves back into their regular standard outfits, walked out the front door (surprisingly NOT kicking it open this time), and made their way over to the barn, where Mettaton was luckily and very surprisingly still safe and sound...and snoring excruciatingly loudly, of course.

"Have a good day, children...hopefully better than the one I'm probably going to be having today, at any rate..." Toriel, who had just finished taking her daily morning shower, sighed as she suited up in her work uniform and went back into the bathroom to brush her teeth.

"Yo, Mettaton! Wake up, sleepyhead!" Undyne loudly banged the kitchen ladle against one of the kitchen frying pans and yelled at Mettaton...who, amazingly enough, was still asleep.

"We've got some tasty delicious METAL for you!" Alphys teased him, crossing her legs and crossing her arms behind her back in a manner that only someone as cute as her could truly do justice.

"OOH, METAL?! WHERE?!" Mettaton roared with delight as he instantaneously transformed back into his EX form and leapt straight up through the roof of the barn, shattering pretty much the entire building into pieces while Alphys and Undyne reflexively shut their eyes, covered their faces with their hands and screamed in both terror and rather unpleasant surprise.

"Well, there goes THAT hiding spot's credibility!" Alphys sighed, facepalming herself irritatedly while Undyne did the same.

"UM...SIT!" Alphys walked up to Mettaton and commanded him sternly.

"SIT?" Mettaton asked curiously, squatting down on all fours and panting like a dog while Alphys and Undyne put their hands over their mouths and tried not to burst out laughing in response.

"Yes, now FETCH!" Undyne laughed as she and Undyne held up a large metal fork and spoon high above their heads and began running along the path to Burgerpants' so-called "private" house in the forest...which, ironically enough, was actually located right next to his public restaurant.

"FETCH! FETCH! FETCH! FETCH! FETCH!" Mettaton chanted repeatedly in the type of hilariously monotone voice that only a true robot like him could properly execute as he began rapidly chasing after the loudly laughing and screaming Alphys and Undyne on all fours like a wolf.

While our heroes were busy heading over to Burgerpants' place, however, Asriel's practically nonexistent "plan" was already inching its way closer and closer to actually coming together.

"Asriel, you had one job! ONE FREAKING JOB!" Asgore yelled furiously at his son over the phone, slamming his fist on his desk and grinding his teeth together in frustration.

"But I thought my job last night was literally NOT to do my job, wasn't it?!" Asriel stammered nervously, glancing over to the side of him while Doggo, the local electrical repairman whom he was supposed to be helping in the process of fixing the currently broken-down Snowdin power generator, glared coldly and sternly at him, drawing a finger across his neck and growling irritably.

"EXACTLY, and you somehow STILL managed to f#%& up something as utterly simple and ludicrously easy as NOT doing your freaking job! Seriously, what the hell's next, are you going to forget how to use the goddamned TOILET?!" Asgore ranted frustratedly at Asriel, biting her lip and trying with all of his might to resist the urge to deliver a "back in my day" monologue.

"Um...you're supposed to pee into the water so that it makes as much noise as possible, right?" Asriel asked cluelessly, shrugging and scratching his head from not knowing what else to say.

"OH MY F%#&ING GOD...well, anyway, did you manage to extract any valuable information about Mettaton and his whereabouts from Alphys' brain while you were futzing about in there and presumably demonically possessing the poor girl like an ASSHOLE?!" Asgore suddenly yelled at his son, taking several deep breaths (and pills, of course) to lower his blood pressure.

"Sadly, no..." Asriel sighed dejectedly as Doggo finally finished repairing the power generator and just immediately put all of his stuff away and drove off without even saying another word.

"Well then, what DID you find?" Asgore sighed, facepalming himself in disappointment.

"Well, Alphys' brain told me that Mettaton was secretly hiding out in the barn, but when I actually went over there in real life, all I found in there was a giant freaking toaster thing-a-ma-jigger that looked like something out of the first episode of Wallace & Gromit!" Asriel explained.

"ASRIEL, YOU ABSOLUTELY INSUFFERABLE GODDAMNED IDIOT!" Asgore screamed at Asriel, his eyes catching on fire with sheer incompetence-induced rage as he sprayed his disgusting spit all over Asriel's face like a showerhead through the phone line. "HAVEN'T YOU EVER FREAKING WATCHED TRANSFORMERS OR AT LEAST SOMETHING OF THAT F%#&ING NATURE?!"

"Um...I think so?" Asriel blushed, shrugged and stammered awkwardly.

"Well then, you should already very well KNOW by now that hyper-advanced alien robots from extraterrestrial planets are often MORE than freaking capable of doing this kind of sh*t! For f%#\$'s sake, you simply take the robot and convert it into a VEHICLE! Do you know what a damned VEHICLE is?! Am I seriously going to have to draw the entire step-by-step freaking process of 'car, transformation, vehicle' on a god-damned MARKERBOARD for you again?!" Asgore ranted furiously at Asriel, panting and gasping for air by the time he was finally finished.

"NO..." Asriel sighed irritatedly, scratching his head in confusion. "However, that's already completely beside the point right now; as it turns out, Mettaton isn't actually hiding there anymore, and I honestly have no idea WHERE Alphys and Undyne have moved him!"

"Well then, just look for an area of Snowdin that contains a copious amount of scrap metal! Come on, it can't seriously be THAT freaking hard to figure out, CAN it?!" Asgore ranted frustratedly at him, grabbing a stress ball off of his desk and squeezing it so hard that it nearly popped under the pressure.

"But father, that's pretty much what literally EVERYWHERE in Snowdin and Waterfall is like!" Asriel explained.

"Fair enough...alright, look, we're officially making a deal here. If you can't successfully manage to do something ACTUALLY WORTHWHILE(!) with your career within the next TWO FREAKING DAYS(!), you are going to be OFFICIALLY fired! Do you READ me, officer?" Asgore growled irritatedly at Asriel, secretly hoping that the incompetent numbskull wouldn't end up failing him this time but still ultimately knowing that he pretty much would end up failing no matter WHAT happened as he hung up the phone without even so much as a goodbye, leaving Asriel to his own devices.

"Hmm...you know what? Since there's not really much of anything else I can do reliably and efficiently, I wonder how effective it'll be if I just simply ANNOY Alphys to death until she finally cracks and gives up out of sheer frustration!" Asriel cackled evilly, rubbing his hands together while Alphys, Undyne and Mettaton finally reached the next stop on their journey; Burgerpants' house, which surely enough was surrounded by heaping piles of scrap metal, rubber dildos, and giant incredibly pornographic Undertale character sculptures made OUT of scrap metal.

"Alright, buddy, hide over here!" Alphys pointed at the mascot statue for Burgerpants' restaurant (Burgerpants holding a hamburger and a fast-food-restaurant-style cup of what was presumably soda, of course) and commanded Mettaton, who then proceeded to hug the statue, remove the burger from its right hand and hold it proudly in his own while still maintaining the hugging pose; surely enough, customers immediately began pouring into his restaurant from all sides as a result while Alphys and Undyne cringed their way through his yard (spotting several statues of themselves, disturbingly enough) and reluctantly knocked on his front door.

"HELLO?! WHO IS IT?!" Burgerpants stumbled drunkenly through the front doorway and yelled unnecessarily loudly while the poor girls choked and coughed from the sheer amount of cigarette smoke that was currently radiating off of his clothing like light from the Sun itself.

"Umm...you CAN freaking SEE us, right?" Undyne sighed, putting her hands on her hips and glaring annoyedly at him while she and Alphys grabbed him by the arms, dragged him back into his own house, set him down on the living room sofa and slapped some sense back into him as they took their seats right next to him and eagerly awaited hearing what their new uncle had to say.

"Oh, sorry about that; it's just that I'm KIND OF high as f#%& right now, so it just kinda comes naturally, you know?" Burgerpants laughed, patting both of them on the back. "Honestly, I actually thought you two were Meenah from Homestuck and Francis from Paper Mario at first!"

"You know, that's actually not terribly far off!" Alphys suddenly realized, clutching her head and trembling in yet another intense "HOW COULD I POSSIBLY BE SO FREAKING BLIND" moment.

"So anyway, what did you two wanna talk about with me, huh?" Burgerpants asked the girls curiously as he teasingly ruffled Undyne's hair AND Alphys' quills at the exact same time.

"QUIT IT!" Alphys and Undyne both yelled at them, shooing his hands away by wildly flailing their own about in the air while Burgerpants just laughed and hugged them in response.

"Aw, I'm just kidding, you little cutie-pies; I already know EXACTLY what you came here to talk to me about! It's about the recent incident with Mettaton, isn't it?" Burgerpants chuckled, walking over into the kitchen, pouring himself and each of his guests one cup each of his signature brand of coffee and (ironically) gentlemanly setting them down on the coffee table.

"Well, actually, I was going to ask you why this fancy-ass condo-house of yours is so goddamned CREEPY, but I guess that topic works too!" Undyne shuddered, glancing around the house and noticing that nearly every single furniture/fixture-related object in it somehow managed to have a vaguely phallic, tit-related and/or ovarian shape to it at the very LEAST.

"Alright, before we start talking, though, let's all take a brief moment to drink our coffee, shall we? TOAST TO THE KING, EVERYBODY!" Burgerpants laughed heartily as the three of them clinked their sex-joke mugs together in honor of Asgore and immediately began drinking.

"Wow, this actually tastes REALLY freaking delicious!" Alphys gasped in surprise, putting her hand on her cheek with her mouth wide open in disbelief while Undyne deliberately did the same.

"My GOD, what in the hell did you PUT into this sh*t to make it taste THIS freaking GOOD?!" Undyne stammered in dumbfounded amazement, her right eye already hyperactively twitching.

"What in the hell did your parents put into your goddamned mouth to make it so freaking FILTHY?" Burgerpants jokingly, snarkily talked back to her as he walked out the front door and headed over to his next-door restaurant to make a very important announcement to the customers.

"FOR F%#&'S SAKE, YOU SHOULD ALREADY KNOW BY NOW THAT WE'RE ONLY FREAKING OPEN ON MONDAY THROUGH THURSDAY!" Burgerpants yelled at the top of his lungs, causing everyone to immediately clear out and throw tomatoes at him in the process.

"Everybody's a critic..." Burgerpants groaned and sighed, brushing the leftover ketchup-covered pickles off of his face as he walked back over to his house to check on the girls.

"Why won't somebody PLEASE end my freaking life?!" Nice Burger Guy moaned and groaned in despair at the cash register of the restaurant, banging his head against said register in frustration.

Chapter 8

TIMG: CHAPTER 8

"Hey, everyone, I'm BACK..." Burgerpants groaned and shrugged as he slammed the door open, walked inside and gently shut the door behind him. "So, what've you two been up to while I was...OH...OH, MY..." he blushed in both second-and-first-hand humiliation of the highest degree as he focused his eyes and saw Alphys and Undyne entangled in a fierce vagina-pillow fight with each other on the carpet!

"YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, YOU SCALY SON OF A BITCH!" Undyne laughed maniacally, getting down on her hands and knees digging her razor-sharp teeth into the purple-dildo carpet and eating it while Alphys repeatedly smacked her upside the head with her vagina...pillow, prompting Undyne to then snatch the infernal household furnishing appliance right out of her hands and throw it right into the nearby six-foot-tall boner-lamp with all of her might, knocking the whole damned thing right over and scattering numerous shards of artificially cum-stained glass all over the floor as the...ahem...head of the lamp orgasmically shattered on impact.

"Sigh...I'm honestly not sure who's got more explaining to do right now, you or me." Burgerpants groaned dejectedly as he trudged over to where the moaning and screaming Alphys and Undyne were busy barbarically ravaging each other on the floor, grabbed them tightly by the necks, set them down forcefully onto the sofa and promptly retook a seat with them, clearing his throat and still blushing rosy red with embarrassment while Alphys and Undyne pinched and stretched his cheeks around literally like Silly Putty, causing him to growl in annoyance.

"GOD DAMN IT, STOP IT! JUST STOP IT ALREADY!" Burgerpants yelled furiously at Alphys and Undyne, slapping the two of them back into focus. "I know that this is mostly my fault for not looking after you in a house like...well, THIS..." Burgerpants shrugged and sighed as he glanced upward at his spread-eagle lady-leg ceiling, his eye twitching in disgust.

"But I mean seriously, dude, Jesus F%#&ing CHRIST, what in the hell is wrong with you?!" Undyne yelled disgustedly at Burgerpants, pulling his Catty sex doll off of the sofa-side table and furiously shoving it into his disturbingly squishy and bendable Kricfaluski artwork of a face.

"Sweet monkey-humping Saddam Hussein on a unicycle, how in the seven sh*t-sucking hells did you know EXACTLY what I was going to freaking say?!" Burgerpants gasped in surprise.

"Let me guess; you just added a massive heap of sugar-laced, Nevada-licensed cocaine into our freaking coffee while we weren't looking, didn't you?" Alphys groaned, clutching her head dizzily and licking her bloodshot eyes absentmindedly as she bent over and threw up into a rather conspicuously nutsack-shaped paper bag that Burgerpants had pulled out from in-between the ass-cushions of his sofa and handed her right before the moment of occurrence.

"Yup!" Burgerpants sighed as he swallowed his pride, shoved his entire head into his nut-bag and fervently ate the putrid, nasty and disgusting dinosaur vomit right out of it.

"AHH, how I love the taste of fresh hangovers in the morning! It's just like they say in Brooklyn; I'm only fifteen years old and I've already wasted my ENTIRE freaking life! Or, is it the bagel?" Burgerpants rambled drunkenly, licking his lips as he puked up even more vomit into the bag and ate that as well while Alphys and Undyne simply closed their eyes and tried their hardest to pretend that nothing weird and disturbing was happening at the moment.

ONE VERY LONG AND THOROUGHLY CLEANSING SHOWER LATER...

"Alright, so...are you FINALLY ready to ACTUALLY freaking TALK to us yet?!" Alphys yelled frustratedly at Burgerpants as he walked out into the living room completely naked and steaming, with a hot pink towel handsomely wrapped around his waist as he stroked the beautifully gorgeous nipples of his fabulously toned abs, wagged his tail as teasingly as he could muster and flamboyantly flashed his somehow pure-white teeth at his disbelieving, utterly mesmerized new guests...while smoking a cigarette of only the highest caliber, no less.

"You were SAYING?" Burgerpants chuckled, putting one of his hands onto his hips, leaning against a wall with the other and crossing his legs teasingly as the towel around his waist fell straight down to the floor and revealed his rock-solid, firmly erect cock, causing Alphys and Undyne to squeal in both pain and pleasure as copious amounts of blood involuntarily sprayed out from each of their noses, causing the two of them to both adorably, moaningly put the backs of their right hands over their foreheads and collapse unconscious onto the sofa together.

"Hey, Toriel, what's up?" Burgerpants amusedly called up Toriel and greeted her over the phone while she was busy doing dishes and being asked out by completely random customers at the Silver Sleet. "Just wanted to let you know that I just literally knocked your kids out with my own innate feline sexiness; make of that statement whatever you will, heh!"

"WELL, then!" Toriel blushed intensely, freezing in place dumbfoundedly from the sheer romantic weight of what Burgerpants had just said to her; due to the almost-completely out-of-touch-with-the-human-world relationship laws of monster society, Toriel had already secretly had more than a bit of a rather surprisingly legal sympathetic crush on the poor sexually demented freak of a guy for quite some time...and just imagining the type of fabulous bodily display of himself that he was most likely referring to definitely wasn't helping, to put it lightly.

"Would you...would you like to try knocking ME out with this so-called innate feline sexiness of yours in bed sometime while I do the exact same to you, only of the caprine variety?" Toriel awkwardly stammered, blushing embarrassedly as she suddenly became extremely warm and began nervously sweating all over her own dishes while she was washing and scrubbing them.

"Any time, fluffybuns, any time!" Burgerpants laughed as he walked back out into his junk yard, still completely naked and afraid as he realized what the new statue next to his restaurant really was! "Oh, dear god, no...no, it CAN'T be...is that...is that SERIOUSLY..."

"WHAT? What did you just see that would serve as justifiable cause for such frightful alarm? Don't worry, honey, you can tell me whatever your heart desires...including why you have to ALWAYS take days off and leave me all freaking ALONE to fend for myself here, for that matter!" Toriel scolded Burgerpants irritatedly as she lifted up a heaping load of dirty dishes, plopped it into the sink and began scrubbing it while the customers waited impatiently for their service.

"Well, you could always just ask your boss to hire a backup assistant worker for you, but anyway, that's beside the point...uhh, sorry, but I've really gotta go now; I got some really urgent business to take care of, so see you later, alligator!" Burgerpants laughed nervously as he hastily hung up the phone, leaving Toriel every bit as cripplingly worried about him as ever.

"Heya...wanna MOP THE FLOOR with me, darling?" Sans asked Toriel teasingly as he took one of Toriel's currently unwashed loads of dishes and began telekinetically scrubbing it with his mind.

"SANS, I SWEAR TO THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER!" Papyrus, who was sitting at one of the nearby tables and eagerly awaiting his M&M chocolate-swirl milkshake, shook his fist and

yelled angrily at Sans.

"TEE HEE! Oh my, that has got to be one of the most horrendously unfunny jokes I have ever heard in my entire miserable life, and I absolutely LOVE it! My word, you really are just such a wonderfully interesting and adorably well-written character, aren't you?" Toriel squealed with delight, scooping the chubby little skeleton up into his arms and hugging him lovingly.

"Nah, I think you're really just a rabidly drooling fangirl of mine, to be perfectly honest!" Sans shrugged his shoulders and joked self-deprecatingly, blushing bright blue as Toriel smooched him on the cheek. "Say...speaking of which, you wanna see my...BONE-er?"

"What, was it something I said about my WIENER?" Sans joked smugly, magically pulling a hot dog out of his pocket and offering it to Toriel while she glared menacingly at him in disgust.

"OW, what was THAT for?!" Sans whined as Toriel literally kicked him right out the front door.

"Hey, you know how I always like to make my dear and beloved friends run for absolutely ludicrous distances with me just to stroke my ego?" Papyrus opened up the window next to his seat and asked Sans, who then reluctantly nodded his head and wondered what his brother would say next.

"Well, guess what? Your jokes absolutely STINK even more than BOTH Alphys' feet AND Undyne's after such an act COMBINED!" Papyrus literally poked his head right through the window's protective screen (making a huge hole in it) and yelled frustratedly at Sans.

"HEY, come on, at least give the little munchkin a CHANCE! If you've managed to deal with his jokes for over ten YEARS so far, I would imagine that I can probably handle them for a few measly DAYS at the very least!" Toriel scolded Papyrus, glaring at him disapprovingly as she scooped Sans right back up into her arms, carried him all the way back over behind the counter and set him down on a stool right next to her so that they could wash the dishes together.

"Boy, DISHES definitely a very interesting relationship we've got going here!" Sans joked with sly, winking smirk while Toriel got out her magically extendable rope from the undersink cabinet and tied Papyrus (whose eyes were currently twitching with pent-up frustration) tightly into his chair to prevent him from going completely ballistic and lunging furiously at his brother.

"You know what? I really AM going to end up needing to make him wear a shock collar, aren't I?" Toriel groaned and rolled her eyes while Papyrus nodded his head in confirmation.

"Yup..." Papyrus sighed and double-facepalmed himself in second-hand shame as Sans shoved a pair of cylindrical ketchup and mustard bottles up his nose, danced naked on top of the register counter, played the xylophone with his ribcage and called himself Yankee Doodle in a widely public, socially-oriented restaurant while all of the customers gawked in utter confusion.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm used to it!" Papyrus irritatedly reassured Toriel as she leaned over and covered his eyes with her hands in a desperate attempt to stop him from picking up his brother's influence.

Meanwhile, back in the junkyard at Burgerpants' place, Alphys and Undyne and Burgerpants (who had luckily redressed himself) were busy discussing the so-called new "mascot" of his restaurant.

"What do you MEAN you don't know where he's from?! DO YOU REALIZE WHO WE MIGHT BE DEALING WITH HERE?! HELL, FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE MIGHT EVEN DESTROY US ALL!" Burgerpants screamed and panicked in terror, writhing on the ground and sucking his

thumb.

"Calm DOWN, man! Jesus Christ, dude, seriously, you're going to give yourself a freaking HEART ATTACK!" Alphys yelled worriedly at Burgerpants as she and Undyne grabbed him by the waist, shook him back into his proper composure and lifted him back up onto his feet.

"Alright, alright, alright, FINE...you know what? I'll let this weird-ass Mettaton dude stay here for the next few days, but if he actively tries to damage me or my prized possessions even ONCE, then it is absolutely HASTA LA VISTA for him! YOU FREAKING HEAR ME, METAL FACE?!" Burgerpants growled angrily at Mettaton, assuming a fighting stance and shaking his fists at him.

"THREAT DETECTED!" Mettaton growled involuntarily as his right hand suddenly converted itself into a massive laser arm cannon while his eyes turned bright red, metallic bat wings magically folded themselves out from the backs of his shoulders, and a very long antenna extended itself out from the top of his head, scaring poor Burgerpants litterless!

"Um...p-please p-put the gun d-down...I c-come in, l-like, p-peace and stuff..." Burgerpants trembled and stammered and did the obligatory jazz hands in terror, wetting himself and sweating enough to literally fill up his entire cylindrical fast-food-restaurant cap and drink his own sweat out of it (which he did, of course) as copious amounts of piss trickled down his legs, his knees buckling and quivering back and forth like a pair of soggy wet noodles as his face contorted into a myriad of grotesquely weird and demented expressions of fear, hopelessness, pain and embarrassment that only the likes of Ren Höek himself could even hope to properly imitate.

"SUBJECT MATTER EVALUATED AS BEING UTTERLY PATHETIC; DISABLING COMBAT MODE IN 3, 2, 1, 0!" Mettaton rambled systematically as he retracted all of his additional combat features back into his body and reverted himself back into his regular noncombatant mode.

"Mettaton, PUT the gun DOWN before I freaking STAB you!" Undyne roared lividly at Mettaton with fire in her eyes as she summoned her energy spear into her hand and threatened to gouge the gargantuanly handsome mechanical marvel's eyes out with it, causing him to instantaneously relapse straight back into his combat mode, causing Undyne's spear to go limp, her eyes to go wide, and her jaw to go dropped to the ground in a mixture of childlike amazement and helpless primal terror as Mettaton charged up his laser beam and aimed it directly at her with his automatic lock-on-targeting systems!

"Undyne, I'm very sorry to have to say this out loud, but KAWAII DESU NEEEEEEE!" Alphys squealed in horror as she heroically lunged right into Undyne and shoved her out of the way, landing right in the dead center of Mettaton's targeting crosshairs!

"KAWAII DESU NEEEEEEE..." Mettaton whispered ominously as Alphys curled up into an adorably helpless little dino-ball and wobbled back and forth on the ground, squeaking like a little baby mouse in terror; feeling deeply ashamed of himself and incredibly sorry for her, he reverted himself back into noncombatant mode yet again as his three new friends joined together into tri-formations to deliver his next remarkably clichéd lesson about the power of friendship to him.

"Burgerpants, Burgerpants, Burgerpants..." Alphys and Undyne chanted merrily, hugging Burgerpants from both sides as the three of them lovingly swayed back and forth and rotated themselves around and around in line formation as if they were on a Barney & Friends episode.

"We LIKE Burgerpants..." Alphys and Undyne crooned with delight as they hopped up onto their tippy-toes and lovingly smooched Burgerpants on both cheeks at the same time, causing him to blush and giggle awkwardly in a mixture of embarrassment and general romantic discomfort.

"Um, o...kay...I think it's about time for us to go back inside now, you goddamned lovable little scamps!" Burgerpants chuckled and grinned humiliatedly as he scooped Alphys and Undyne up onto his shoulders and carried them back inside so that they could finally finish their conversation once and for all.

Chapter 9

TIMG: CHAPTER 9

"So, what have you two cutie-pies been up to lately? I mean, besides all of the absolutely ridiculous stuff that just happened this morning, that is?" Burgerpants snickered, guzzling down yet another mug's worth of sugar-coated-cocaine-laced coffee while Alphys and Undyne more than slightly overenthusiastically did the same, letting loose incredibly loud "AHH" and burping sounds immediately afterward while Burgerpants merely tapped his foot impatiently on the floor, tapped his finger gently against the side of his head, crossed his legs girlishly, and eagerly waited for the two of them to finally finish being stupid and just talk to him already.

"And this is why I absolutely despise talking to these absolutely insufferable goddamned LOOK AT ME, I'M SO FREAKING GORGEOUS AND HANDSOME types..." Burgerpants grumpily thought to himself (despite clearly being one of them) as Alphys and Undyne began hyperactively bouncing up and down on the couch like adorable little bunny rabbits.

"Well, for starters, as you can very clearly see, I'm a scrawny little weeaboo that hangs out with another scrawny little weeaboo and engages in the art of scrawny little weeaboo sex with her on a daily AND nightly basis, to the point where we've literally been caught at least FIFTEEN FREAKING TIMES making out with each other in the janitor's closet and the girls' bathroom at school, AT LEAST FIVE of which had us wearing our anime catgirl costumes in the process!" Alphys explained as she and Undyne immediately blasted off like a pair of ecstatic, sugar-high rockets and danced all over the room while Burgerpants used his iPad (which he had just recently grabbed off of the sofa-side table) to record their ridiculously hyperactive antics.

"And I always got bad grades in school because I literally could not stop thinking about Alphys and how utterly beautiful and lovely she is, so Toriel told me that if I just took the time to actually man up MENTALLY and SPIRITUALLY and MEANINGFULLY rather than just physically, and developed the patience to actually STUDY for tests and properly do my own homework rather than just letting Alphys do it for me, THEN perhaps I would be able to academically redeem myself!" Undyne explained in a very uncharacteristically motor-mouthed fashion.

"And every day, like literally every single waking hour of every waking day, me and Undyne CONSTANTLY wonder and ponder to ourselves about what could quite possibly be considered the ULTIMATE philosophical question in today's modern society; IS ANIME REAL?" Alphys asked Burgerpants curiously, to which he just shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in response.

"Like, seriously; after me getting accidentally impaled through the eye with a freaking CHICKEN BONE by my own girlfriend at lunch yesterday, and you getting that one particular squirrel in your pants at the Silver Sleet, and me and Alphys re-enacting Half-Life 2 together inside of our own wild imaginations, and Flowey going inside Alphys' brain and somehow managing to torture both her on the astral plane of existence and me on the physical plane at the EXACT same bloody time, and especially the downright breathtaking moment when we finally met that adorably anime-haired, 50-foot-tall metal bastard outside, along with pretty much every single noteworthy moment we've had with you so far, I'm pretty sure that we've more or less officially reached a conclusion here once and for all!" Undyne explained, gasping and panting for breath.

"And what would THAT be, may I ask?" Burgerpants asked the two of them teasingly, twirling the handle of his empty coffee mug on his finger and glaring somewhat suggestively at them.

"ANIME IS ONLY AS REAL AS YOU CHOOSE TO MAKE IT!" Alphys and Undyne both cheered in unison as they both threw all of their clothes right off, tackled each other into a big naked ball and rolled about on the floor together, cuddling and french-kissing each other lovingly while Burgerpants clenched his right hand into a poorly drawn and horrifically misshapen claw, struggling to resist the urge to plunge it straight down his pants and pleasure himself with it.

"Hey, that's what my FEET are for, you silly goose!" Alphys giggled and blushed embarrassedly as she extended her legs straight out toward Burgerpants, pulling his already thoroughly-unbuttoned-and-unzipped pants down with her big and long and exceptionally flexible toes, curling them tightly around the shaft of his penis and stroking it up and down with them while she simultaneously ate out Undyne's vagina and breastfed her tits with her big toothy mouth.

"OH...OHHHH...OHHHHHHH..." Burgerpants moaned orgasmically, spraying a massive sloppy load of his own creamy, sticky, gooey white semen all over his face and licking it off of his lips as he swallowed whatever minuscule bit of pride he had left in him, washing it down with pure unadulterated cum as he stripped himself buck-naked and piled himself on top of Alphys and Undyne.

A FEW HOURS LATER...

"OOOOOOH..." Alphys, Undyne and Burgerpants, all three of which were now sprawled about awkwardly on the thickly cum-stained carpet, groaned and panted exhaustedly while Nice Burger Guy merrily skipped right out the front door of Burgerpants' restaurant and made his way over to Burgerpants' house for lunch break (which, in this case, technically meant the entire three-day weekend).

"Hey, guys, just waltzing right in as always for my daily lunch break, and I was honestly wondering if perhaps maybe you guys might like some nice...UMM...CREAM..." Nice Burger Guy gasped and covered his mouth in frightful horror, his ears drooping downward in revulsion as he witnessed what was no less than unmistakably the aftermath of a massive, unspeakably disgusting orgy between two severely high-functioningly autistic twelve-year-old girls and one alcoholic, drug-addicted, sexually chaotic, four-times-juvenile-delinquent fifteen-year-old boy!

"Um, YEAH...forget I even said anything..." Nice Burger Guy stammered embarrassedly as he slowly backed away from the front door with a rather distinctly "let us never speak of this again" look in his eyes, then immediately turned tail and ran away screaming like a hyena.

"Well, well, would you just LOOK at the time!" Burgerpants snickered as his giant tit-clock with dildos for hands struck Alphys' and Undyne's more-or-less official lunch time, 12:34 PM.

"Go on, you sexy little rascals, get out of here before someone calls the cops on me! Go ahead, SHOO, what the hell are you WAITING for?!" Burgerpants urgently commanded Alphys and Undyne as he forcefully ushered them straight out the front door and locked it behind them.

"Oh, and by the way..." Burgerpants whispered through the door's newspaper hole, "don't worry about Mettaton, alright? I'll make sure to keep him safe and sound here for every bit as long as possible, even if that probably only means something like two days...oh, and also, on a somewhat related side note, here's my phone number; give me a call if you ever need me, okay?" he concluded, slipping a small yellow post-it note with not one but both of his phone numbers on it right through the newspaper hole so that Alphys could grab it and shove it into her purse.

"So tell me, Alphys, what exactly HAVE we learned today, if anything?" Undyne asked Alphys curiously, rubbing her hand against her chin and racking her brain for a satisfactory answer as the two of them casually strolled their way back through the forest to Toriel's house, opened the door,

ran up the stairs onto the second floor and went straight into the kitchen; sure enough, Toriel had already made heaping portions of Thanksgiving dinner that filled the entire dining table with the sweet smells of cranberry sauce, Snowdin turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, bread rolls, pumpkin pie...and of course, Mother's fancy-ass perfume.

"Hey, wait a minute, I wonder what's wrong with this picture?" Alphys sarcastically wondered out loud to herself, stroking her chin and taking her seat as she saw Asriel sitting directly across from her at the table with an incredibly crap-eating grin on his face, girlishly crossing his legs, crossing his arms behind his head, resting his heels atop the very edge of the table and wiggling his toes with delight, his softly padded and fluffy soles glistening in the sunlight.

"OH, SUCH WONDERFUL SOLES...I WANT TO MASSAGE THEM SO VERY, VERY BADLY..." Undyne moaned with arousal as she drooled at the mouth and licked her lips, completely and utterly mesmerized by Asriel's smooth, crinkly, masculine, and just generally sexy soles.

"Yeah, THAT too..." Alphys groaned and rolled her eyes, slapping Undyne across the face to bring her back into reality, "...but also the fact that ASRIEL IS AT OUR FREAKING TABLE!" Alphys roared angrily while Asriel slyly winked at her and chuckled evilly to himself.

"Well, he IS my freaking SON, after all, so I'm afraid that for the time being, you're just going to have to freaking DEAL with it, okay?!" Toriel scolded her angrily, pulling her literally just-cooked pumpkin pie out of the oven with her adorable little mitts and setting it down atop the island as she marched over into the dining room and handed out utensils wrapped in napkins to everyone (including herself, of course).

"Um...Mommy?" Asriel raised his hand up in the air like a kindergartener and asked Toriel.

"Yes, my precious little baby?" Toriel asked him back as she grabbed a massive pitcher of lemonade off of the island in the kitchen, carried it over into the dining room and set it atop the table.

"I need to go poo-poo real bad, mommy!" Asriel whined and whimpered and sobbed. "My tummy hurts so much, and I've barely even been potty-trained yet! WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

"Oh, puh-LEEZE, you were toilet-trained, like, literally TWO WHOLE YEARS AGO!" Toriel laughed and giggled snidely, patting her literal five-year-old-in-a-twenty-five-year-old's-body of a son and escorting her to the guest bathroom up on the third floor of the house, in which he then proceeded to spend an obnoxiously extensive amount of time trying to get his feces to finally come out while everyone else waited for what seemed like half an hour for him to finish.

In the meantime, Alphys and Undyne quickly found out, much to their dismay, that Mettaton had sent his detachable hands over into the house using their power of rocket-propelled flight as they suddenly crawled up out of the basement and made their way up the stairs into the kitchen as well as the back hallway section of the dining room while Toriel was busy making sure that Asriel wasn't going to end up making an utterly despicable poopy mess of himself.

"Oh, god, WHAT IS THAT?" Undyne gasped and stammered in fright, hugging Alphys for comfort as Mettaton's hands came crawling into the room like giant, five-legged, hairless tarantulas and promptly began poking about in just about everything that they could get their fingers on; the numerous atrocities that they ended up committing included breaking the doors of several cabinet drawers right off of their hinges, spilling water and ice all over the kitchen floor through the water/ice dispensers on the refrigerator, poking holes in the walls, denting the refrigerator itself, attempting to blend themselves in the blender, breaking quite a few plates and glasses from the

upper cabinets, leaving numerous cracks in the kitchen tiles with their own sheer weight, eating quite a bit of Toriel's metalware through the wormlike mouths of their fingers (don't ask), cooking thick soup on MAX power in the microwave without even bothering to add a protective cover on top of the bowl, breaking the doorknobs right off of both the pantry door AND the cleaning-supply closet door, throwing freshly cooked pumpkin and apple pies right into Alphys' and Undyne's faces, eating large chunks out of the carpet, and even causing shelf-wide avalanches in both the nearby DVD closet AND the pantry as well!

"JESUS MONKEY-HUMPING AIDS-RIDDEN CHRIST, STOP! STOP THAT RIGHT NOW! JUST F#%&ING STOP IT!" Alphys and Undyne screamed, the former grabbing a metal broomstick out of the nearby cleaning-supply closet and bludgeoning Mettaton's right hand with it while the latter simply stabbed Mettaton's left hand with her energy spear, causing both hands to stop dead in their tracks.

"ALL in a day's work, am I right?" Alphys sighed happily in relief, examining the prettily painted fingernails on her left hand and stroking them with her equally valentine-red thumbnail as she crossed her legs, closed her eyes, leaned backward smugly with none other than her trademark adorably-toothy grin on her face, and pressed her elbow against what she thought was going to be a wall but unfortunately was actually the expensive glass vase atop one of the dining room's decorative tables, causing both her and Undyne to scream at the tops of their lungs and jump nearly their entire dwarfishly minuscule body heights into the air from the sudden incredibly loud and ear-piercing noise of the glass shattering everywhere.

"OH, GOD...OH, NO...OH GOD, OH NO, OH GOD, OH NO, OH GOD, OH NO, OH GOD, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!" Alphys stammered and screamed in terror as she had a complete nervous breakdown, spinning around in a circle and clutching her head and screaming at the mere thought of what Toriel was going to end up doing to her and Undyne.

"HURRY UP AND GRAB IT AND THROW IT OUT!" Undyne yelled in a hyperactive fit of panic, squatting down on the floor like a frog (or dog) with her bony little knees, grabbing Mettaton's left hand from underneath with both arms, and foolishly attempting to lift it off of the ground while Alphys did the exact same with his right, putting both of the adorable little dorks into rather...ahem...INTERESTING positions. "COME ON, ALPHYS, ON MY MARK! READY, SET--"

"AHEM!" Toriel growled lividly at Alphys and Undyne as she finally walked back down into the kitchen and saw the absolutely atrocious mess that Mettaton's hands had just made of just about literally every single thing in the kitchen and dining room except for the Thanksgiving dinner itself, as well as what appeared to be none other than Alphys and Undyne attempting to...ahem...INTEGRATE with an already-unsettlingly gigantic pair of sentient robot hands.

Chapter 10

TIMG: CHAPTER 10

"UM...T-THIS ISN'T W-WHAT IT L-LOOKS LIKE, WE SWEAR!" Alphys and Undyne stammered and shook in fear, letting go of Mettaton's hands and gasping in surprise as they flew right out of the house through one of the dining room's back hallways, leaving a massive gaping hole in the wall while Asriel finally got out of the bathroom and came walking down the staircase behind Toriel, winking and smirking with delight at his pitifully helpless adversaries.

"So I guess a pair of giant freaking robot hands apparently DIDN'T just basically tear apart frightfully large portions of the kitchen and dining room, causing God-knows-how-much gold's worth of property damage to my f&\$%ing HOUSE?!" Toriel growled in frustration, gritting her teeth and yanking several of the white fluffy hairs right out of her own head.

"Oh, that's weird; I thought you were going to, like, put all of the blame for this occurrence on US or something!" Undyne laughed awkwardly, scratching the back of her head in confusion.

"Oh, COME ON, how freaking stupid do you think I AM?! I'll have you KNOW that back when I was YOUR age, we didn't even have MonsterNet; there was literally no such thing as summer, autumn and spring here in Snowdin, the grass was brown and the girls were ugly, and we didn't even HAVE these newfangled things you call VIDEO GAMES to play...and worst of all, ASGORE THE FREAKING CHILD MURDERER of all people was actually viewed by society as an acceptable romantic partner!" Toriel ranted furiously, sitting down on her rocking chair and angrily shaking her fist at Alphys and Undyne like the old geezer she was while Asriel pushed her.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, you're just getting STARTED, aren't you?" Alphys groaned, sighed and facepalmed (while Undyne did the same, of course) as Toriel continued rambling on and on and on about how disappointed she was in both them and modern-day society in general.

Meanwhile in the junkyard, while Toriel was busy chewing Alphys and Undyne out like bubblegum, Burgerpants was busy giving a very important lecture to Mettaton, who had just regained his incredibly mischievous hands and started eating all of Burgerpants' prized and dearly treasured naked metal sculptures of classic Undertale characters (that probably shouldn't have been sexualized in the first place) like Sans, Papyrus, Alphys, Undyne, Nice Cream Guy, Toriel, Adult Asriel, Asgore, Frisk, Chara, Temmie, and even Bratty and Catty!

"Listen up, pal; there are TWO kinds of metal in this yard! Scrap, and art!" Burgerpants explained, gesturing toward each pile with his arms as he introduced them to him.

"If you GOTTA eat one of them, PLEASE eat the scrap!" Burgerpants shrugged and sighed.

"After all, what you currently have IN YOUR F%#&ING MOUTH(!) IS ART!" Burgerpants suddenly threw his head back, clenched his hands into fierce claws and yelled so loudly that his voice somehow managed to echo its way across a good distance of the surrounding forest, scaring away numerous birds and leaving several nearby hikers wondering what the hell that noise was.

"ART?" Mettaton asked him curiously, briefly removing the teats of Burgerpants' now-horribly-mangled statue of Catty from his mouth and waving the (un)fortunately ruined work of typical Undertale fanart like a baby's rattle while Burgerpants crossed his arms over his chest and glared sternly at him, his fur standing straight up with suppressed anger as he waited patiently.

"METTATON CAN FIX ART!" Mettaton chuckled as he took the fat and ugly porn statue of Catty and used his ridiculously powerful hands to almost instantly remold it into a skinny and handsome porn statue of Burgerpants, complete with giant muscular titties and a six-pack!

"Oh, forget it, FORGET IT, it's hopeless!" Burgerpants sighed and shrugged as he turned around and began dejectedly trudging his way back to his house...right at the exact moment that Mettaton finished remaking the sculpture and dropped it upright onto the ground right behind Burgerpants, making an incredibly loud clang noise and causing the poor cat to jump in surprise!

"No, wait a minute, on second thought, it's- IT'S-" Burgerpants stammered dumbfoundedly as he turned around and gazed upon the absolutely riveting work of cigarette-smoking art that Mettaton had just produced, his jaw going completely limp and falling straight to the ground in response.

"It's not BAD!" Burgerpants reluctantly agreed, looking up at Mettaton and nodding his head in approval.

Meanwhile, back at the house, Toriel was busy trying to get Alphys and Undyne to fess up and spill the beans about where the hands had came from as she fervently cleaned the kitchen as the two of them sat directly across from Asriel, who was STILL smirking at them, at the table.

"Alphys Höek and Undyne Watterson, don't you DARE make me end up having to freaking TICKLE the answers out of you again!" Toriel threatened her adoptive daughters, pulling her feather duster out of the cabinet and brandishing it teasingly while the girls wiggled in fear.

"Ah...good times, good times!" Asriel snickered and winked teasingly at Alphys, who then immediately slapped him across the face, causing him to whine and cry loudly and obnoxiously like a baby while Alphys turned around, took a deep breath and let all of her inner feelings pour out through her mouth in a glorious halitotic cavalcade of verbal diarrhea.

"OKAY, OKAY, LOOK; I JUST WANTED TO MAKE A FREAKING REAL-LIFE VERSION OF MASTER HAND AND CRAZY HAND, OKAY?! BUT, AS ONE WOULD PROBABLY EXPECT, IT ENDED UP RAMPAGING ALL OVER THE GODDAMNED PLACE AND VIOLENTLY DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT, OKAY?! GOD, WOMAN; SERIOUSLY, GIVE ME SOME FREAKING SPACE, WOULD YOU?!" Alphys flailed her arms up and down like a human hummingbird and ranted desperately in all caps at Toriel, crawling frantically over to her on all fours like a rabid dog and rubbing and licking her sore, aching, bleeding feet (and picking out several broken shards of glass from her paw-pads) while the poor woman kneeled down onto her knees with her soles facing straight up and meticulously removed every last remaining piece of broken glass from the dishwasher and wondered where half of the silverware that was formerly inside had gone.

"I WILL when you stop raising your damned VOICE at me, kid! Also, PARDON MY F%#&ING LANGUAGE, WILL YOU?!" Toriel yelled frustratedly at Alphys, turning her head around and glaring annoyedly at her as the poor lizard lass continued licking her feet like lollipops.

"OOH, OOH, PLEASE LET ME JOIN, PLEASE LET ME JOIN!" Undyne squealed with excitement, crawling over to Alphys on all fours and licking her girlfriend's feet while her girlfriend licked Toriel's.

"Oh, dear, I knew I should have worn SOCKS when raising you two...not that that would have particularly made you any less likely to develop podophilia and various other things of that nature, but STILL!" Toriel blushed in embarrassment while Asriel summoned a lawnchair in the kitchen, kicked back on it, crossed his legs and tried not to laugh while Toriel, serving as the head of the monster centipede, crawled over to the goat boy's feet and began licking them lovingly.

"PERFECT..." Asriel whispered evilly to himself, biting his jaw and trying not to laugh from how utterly ridiculous (not to mention incredibly ticklish) the whole situation was as he whipped out his...ahem...iPhone, recorded the absolute depravity on it and sent the video straight to Tumblr.

OVER 100,000 NOTES (ABOUT TWO MINUTES) LATER...

"You know what? I'm not sure if I even have the appetite to EAT lunch right now after what just happened between us...good lord, just ICK!" Toriel winced and stuck her tongue out in disgust, scooping up all of the Thanksgiving food items on the table into tupperware containers and setting all of the rest of the disorganized items in the pantry back into place while Alphys pulled out her size-alteration ray from her pockets, shrunk all of said containers and stuffed them all into the fridge in neatly arranged Tetris format...well, except for the cranberry sauce, that is!

"AHH..." Undyne moaned with delight, licking her lips as she pulled her cranberry-sauce-dripping face out of the last remaining tupperware container on the table while Asriel facepalmed himself and held his breath in an attempt to stop himself from bursting out into a manic fit of laughter.

"Wow, and I thought ASRIEL was a freaking brat..." Alphys sighed and scolded her snidely, putting her hands over her hips and glaring disappointedly at her as she sucked her fingers.

"Oh, believe me, he still IS..." Undyne whispered into Alphys' ear and glanced behind herself while Asriel rolled on the floor and cried with laughter, leaving a huge stinky crap in his luckily magically self-cleaning diaper while Toriel went downstairs, changed back into her work uniform, furiously stormed out the front door of the house and slammed it behind her without saying another word...oh, and also, she called up Burgerpants on the phone, so there's that too.

"Burgerpants, I'm getting seriously sick of dealing with both these freaking mentally unsound maniacs of kids that I have AND dealing with all of this Mettaton horsesh*t!" Toriel explained frantically to Burgerpants over the phone as she walked angrily through the forest, clenching her free hand into a fist and punching a nearby tree in frustration.

"So? As long as it's not MY problem, then I ultimately shouldn't have to deal with it, am I RIGHT?" Burgerpants snickered teasingly as he lazily, intoxicatedly laid on his sofa and watched Season 1 of Rocko's Modern Life with bloodshot eyes while Mettaton peed out highly toxic and corrosive chemical waste all over his weed garden and ate half of his spare Cadillac outside.

"You know what? Forget it, I'm just going to call someone else..." Toriel sighed and shrugged as she hung up the phone, ending her call with Burgerpants and dialing up Sans' number.

"So, what've you been up to lately?" Toriel sighed as Sans suddenly teleported right next to her while they were both on her way to work, completely defeating the purpose of the phones!

(Of course, since they were both complete dorks just like Undyne and Alphys, they still decided to use their phones to talk to each other anyway, despite the fact that it was a total waste of batteries.)

"Oh, nothing much...you know, just a skele-TON (OWWWW!) of dishwashing!" Sans laughed, shrugging his shoulders and winking at the audience as his shock collar suddenly went off on him without warning!

"God, what an UDDERLY (GAAAH!) SHOCKING (URRRK!) EXPERIENCE IN THE ART OF LOVE (ARRGH!)" Sans yelped in pain as the device karmically shocked him with each awful joke he made.

"Now, not to aim at low-hanging FRUIT or anything..." Toriel teased Sans, slyly winking and

smirking at him as she reached straight up, grabbed a fresh apple off of a nearby tree branch, and handed it to Sans, "but tell me, Sans; what's the ONE thing better than Toriel?"

"OOH, I KNOW; TWO TORIELS (YEOWW!)" Sans screamed in pain, facepalming himself as he realized how embarrassingly easy it would have been for him to just restrain himself from saying such a thing.

"Aw, you're so obnoxiously CUTE!" Toriel squealed with delight as she summoned an adorably chubby little plush doll of herself, scooped him up into her arms and smooched him lovingly.

TEN SECONDS LATER...

"Soft skelly, warm skelly, little ball of puns!" Toriel sang teasingly, pushing Sans along the rest of the way to the Silver Sleet in a stroller while he desperately shook out SOS signals with his rattle.

"LET'S BE PACIFISTS AND LEISURELY STROLL THE WORLD TOGETHER, BABY!" Toriel laughed dementedly as even the birds in the nearby trees began giving the two of them weird looks.

"RATTLE (GAWWK!) ME BIB-LICAL (GRRRK!), BECAUSE THIS SH*T RIGHT HERE IS NOTHING SHORT (OH MY GAWWD!) (DAMN IT!) (YOWWW!) OF ABSOLUTE FROZEN-OVER HELL ON EARTH (WAUGH!) IN A HANDBASKET ON WHEELS (GAAAH!)" Sans cried and screamed in pain as the shock collar fried him into a charred, bony and gently weeping crisp while Toriel sang merrily with delight.

Chapter 11

TIMG: CHAPTER 11

Meanwhile, back at Toriel's house, Alphys and Undyne were busy getting ready for their milkshake date at the Silver Sleet...but alas, Asriel was constantly harassing them the whole time that they were doing so, poking and prodding and asking them all kinds of stupid questions about Mettaton and various largely-to-vaguely related things of the sort.

"Hey, buckaroni; why do you always keep trying to avoid talking to your mother about giant robots and anime cat-people of all things?" Flowey suddenly popped right out of Alphys' ear and asked her teasingly while she was busy rummaging through the pantry for a cup of instant noodles and a bottle of soda, causing her to reflexively clench her razor-sharp-clawed hands into both the soda bottle and the instant noodle cup (spilling their contents all over the place), scream at the top of her lungs and jump so high that she accidentally hit the top of her head against the doorway!

"Greetings, alligator; how has your recent underaged sex life been coming along?" Flowey popped right out of Undyne's nose and asked her while she was busy brushing her teeth in the guest bathroom that Asriel had previously used, causing her to shriek in terror and spit out her toothpaste all over the mirror in the shape of Alphys' face!

"Yo there, buckaroo; you wanna hear the most annoying sound in the world? AEEEEEEURRRRRRGH!" Flowey popped out of the kitchen floor, divided himself at the stem into two separate Floweys and loudly, obnoxiously high-pitchedly warbled directly into both of Alphys' ears at the same time while she was busy scrubbing the tiles and trying rigorously not to punch him in the face.

"So, alley cat; what's Burgerpants been keeping around his house lately? I mean, besides beer and crack and hookers and a guilty conscience, that is?" Flowey popped out of Undyne's cleavage and asked her while she was busy taking a shower, causing her to scream and curse like a sailor as she frantically fumbled with her breasts to try and yank the little bastard out from in-between them, splashing metric craploads of water all over the place in the process.

"Greetings and salutations, my beautiful creator, and welcome to the Flowdickarus show, where I always have to do the dirty deed of asking you whether Mettaton deserves to slaughtered or salvaged!" Flowey popped out of the bottom-right burner on the stove while Alphys was busy heating up a plate of Toriel's leftover turkey in the microwave, prompting her to turn said burner up to nearly maximum power and devilishly smirk at him while he shrieked in agonizing pain.

"Hey, fishy-poo; where are you going?" Flowey popped out of Undyne's bedroom doorknob and asked her while she was busy changing into her motorcycle jacket and walking out the door.

"Hey there, kangaroo; any GIANTS you'd like to be hanging out with tonight, by any chance?" Flowey popped out of the flowerpot on Toriel's dining table (literally the ONE place that had actually made sense so far) and asked Alphys teasingly while she gluttonously scarfed down her meal like a vicious, homeless wild animal and licked the sauce-covered plate clean.

"Hey, where are you going, fishy fish?" Flowey popped out of the ceiling lamp at the house's entrance as Undyne went down the stairs onto the first floor and eagerly waited for Alphys at the front door.

"Where are YOU going, little miss Wonder Bread?" Flowey popped out of the woodwork in the

attic and asked Alphys while she was busy changing into her almost embarrassingly adorable polka-dotted dress.

"Hey, where are you going? Where are you going? WHERE ARE YOU F%#&ING GOING?!" Flowey popped out of the wall, ceiling and floor and repeatedly asked the two of them while they covered their ears in annoyance.

"WE'RE GOING THE F%#& OUT!" Alphys and Undyne yelled furiously at Flowey as the former grabbed Toriel's doorside gardening rake and ballistically beat him over the head with it.

"Who is the master who makes the grass green?" Flowey rambled dizzily, collapsing unconsciously onto the floor and transforming back into his adult-Asriel form.

"Ah, whatever, just leave him; he probably didn't even WANT to go to the Silver Sleet with us anyway, am I right?!" Undyne chuckled, patting Alphys on the back as the two of them held hands lovingly and walked out the front door side-by-side together.

"Yeah, and that's exactly what WORRIES me!" Alphys shuddered nervously as the somehow increasingly un-stalwart Asriel woke up from his fifteen-second nap and snuck up behind the two of them while they happily skipped and hopped along the path to the Silver Sleet together.

"Say...Alphys, do you ever feel like there might be someone creeping up behind us whenever we decide to do this alone?" Undyne glanced over at Alphys and asked her inquisitively while Asriel snuck up behind them, turned himself into his Flowey form and slipped undetected into the poor lizard lass' ear canal yet again, immediately making his way straight for her brain!

"Oh yeah, totally; like right now, for instance, I thought I just felt something slip into my ear while I wasn't looking, and something tells me that that THING is actually none other than DURR, PLANT!" Alphys suddenly went cross-eyed and yodeled as Flowey seized total control over her and immediately began racking her genius brain for clues on how to deal with Mettaton.

"Um...Alphys, are you okay?" Undyne stammered nervously while Alphys stuck her thumbs in her ears and stuck her tongue out for the whole world to see...probably in typical batsh*t-insane-weeaboo fashion, now that I think about it.

"OKAY?! Are you freaking KIDDING me?! Why, I've never been happier in my entire goddamned miserable, godforsaken LIFE!" Alphys moaned and drooled in ecstasy as she twirled around on her tippy-toes and jumped for joy while Undyne just backed away from her uncomfortably and did the jazz hands.

"Alphys, seriously, what in the actual hell are you doing right now?!" Undyne yelled frustratedly at Alphys, grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her violently to try and snap her out of it...but to no avail, sadly enough.

"Oh, nothing really...only MILKING ALPHYS' DELICIOUS MEMORY BANKS FOR ALL THAT THEY'RE WORTH! FEEDING OFF HER BRAIN, FEEDING OFF HER BRAIN! GWAHAHAHAHA! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NWEHEHEHEHEHEHE!" Flowey laughed and screamed and cried maniacally while Undyne cringed and went quite literally green around her gills in disgust.

"Flowey, for crying out loud, seriously; what in the hell is this, BATMAN FREAKING FOREVER?!" Undyne growled angrily at Flowey, grabbing Alphys by the shoulders and looking sternly into her eyes.

"PEEKABOO!" Flowey giggled as he suddenly popped right out of Alphys' right eyesocket and broke right through the corresponding lens of her glasses, causing Undyne to jump back and scream in dreadful horror at what her poor, poor girlfriend had just become thanks to him!

"UH-UH! NO WAY! ABSOLUTELY NOT! F%#& THIS SH*T, I'M OUT!" Undyne firmly stated in absolute disgust as she turned tail, held her arms straight up above her as if she was being arrested and ran screaming like a banshee while Alphys held her arms out like a zombie and chased frantically after her, licking her drooling lizard lips with cannibalistic excitement!

"HAAH...HAAH...HAAAAH..." Undyne breathed deeply, panting and moaning exhaustedly as she immediately ran straight into the Silver Sleet and pressed the glass door shut behind her with her own body weight...but to no avail, since Alphys came crashing right through almost immediately afterward!

"OM NOM NOM NOM NOM!" Alphys roared ferociously as she harmlessly nibbled on Undyne's pointy little ears and her chubby little fish cheeks while Undyne nuzzled her pudgy snout lovingly in delight, causing everyone in the restaurant to immediately go "AWWWWW!"

"HA! You REALLY thought that I, of all people, was going to make poor little Alphys eat her own beloved girlfriend alive?!" Flowey hopped right back out of Alphys' ear and laughed hysterically, wiping the tears from his eyes with his leaves as he turned back into his Asriel form and brushed her gooey, hairy and ever-so-slimy-and-sticky earwax off of his robe.

"Uh, YEAH?!" literally everyone in the restaurant immediately glared and sneered angrily at him while Alphys and Undyne stared him down especially coldly, crossing their arms over their chests and tapping their feet impatiently on the floor in eager desire of a much-needed apology.

"Come on, guys, you KNOW I was just kidding, right?" Asriel chuckled, patting both of them on their cute little noggins as he followed them onto the bar stools and sat down right in-between the two of them.

"Hey, Asriel, why don't you just go and decorate your grandma's grave (GAAAH!) or some sh*t?!" Sans asked Asriel smugly, crossing his arms over his chest and tapping his foot impatiently as well while he washed out one of the #1 MR. DAD GUY coffee mugs with his mind.

"SANS!" Toriel yelled disgustedly at Sans, turning around and attempting to slap him upside the face...only he suddenly teleported underneath the attack literally JUST in time.

"Now, now, I really hate to talk SMACK (GRAGH!) here, but do you seriously think that I, being the proud and honorable and heroic and respectable citizen of the Underground that I am, am going to literally just STAND here and- GWAAAGH!" Sans yelped in pain as Toriel slyly caught him off guard and backhandedly slapped him across the face.

"Wow, are you freaking DONE yet?!" Asriel sighed and groaned, tiredly resting his head on his left arm and tapping the fingers of his right hand against his head while Alphys and Undyne did the same.

"You betcha! Why, hell; in fact, we'd wager that we're quite possibly even more done than Papyrus claimed that he was with LIFE after witnessing the two of us having full-fledged, pornographic interspecies sexual intercourse with each other! (OWWCH!)" Toriel and Sans giggled and snickered while Asriel, Alphys and Undyne merely groaned and rolled their eyes.

"Alright, everybody, here you go; these babies oughta really SHAKE (GAAAH!) things up and perhaps even break the ICE (RAAGH!) between you three if I do say so myself!" Sans chuckled

smarmily to himself, winking at the highly unamused, evilly glaring trio of customers as he pulled out a set of pre-prepared, ice-cold milkshakes from underneath the counter and handed them out to each of them with his mind.

"Don't MIND if I do!" Asriel winked snarkily at Sans and moaned with delight as he took the first sip of melted cookies-and-cream goodness through his big...long...straw...while Alphys and Undyne did the same.

"Wait, WAIT, you're doing it all WRONG!" Alphys scolded him as she grabbed the complimentary bottled chocolate syrup and canned sprinkles off of the countertop of the bar, added them both into her already-delicious milkshake, stirred it all together in her cup, then passed both additives over to Undyne, who then proceeded to immediately follow suit.

"When it comes to stuff like this, you should always completely and utterly indulge in yourself! ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, AT MAXIMUM POWER!" Undyne laughed maniacally, sloppily pouring and squeezing a downright ridiculously and self-awarely excessive amount of both additives into her milkshake, stirred it hard enough to give even washing machines a run for their money (splattering a copious amount of it all over the countertop as well as hers and Asriel's faces), then finally and somewhat reluctantly handed the additives over to Asriel.

"WAIT! BEFORE YOU START! I JUST REALIZED! I FORGOT SOMETHING! MASSIVELY IMPORTANT!" Alphys gasped and stammered loudly in clearly fake surprise that Asriel was somehow stupid enough to actually believe was sincere as she pulled a MOMMY'S FAVORITE AUTISTIC MANCHILD VIRGIN WEEABOO ASSHOLE bib out of her pockets and tied it around the poor spoiled-rotten goat bastard's neck.

"Never underestimate the power of THE SAUCE!" Undyne yelled right into Asriel's ear so loudly that it nearly busted open his eardrum while Alphys pulled out a very-thinly-disguised bottle of liquid sleeping medicine (labeled as FRUIT PUNCH) and poured it right into his milkshake.

"There, there, precious little MAN-baby, go ahead and F%#&ING DRINK UP, WILL YOU?!" Alphys yelled lividly at Asriel, rolling up her sleeve and threatening to knock his lights out as he brattishly guzzled the entire thing right down in literally one freaking MINUTE, causing both Alphys' and Undyne's jaws to drop while Asriel clutched his head and screamed in pain from the sudden consequential aching feeling he had gotten in his central nervous system!

"BRAIN(!) FREEZE!" Asriel screamed at the top of his lungs, his voice cracking into such an obnoxiously high pitch that it violently shattered every single window in the restaurant as he jumped out of his seat and frantically ran all over the place, leaving his unwashed and extremely dirty footprints (as he had just recently stepped in a puddle of worm-infested mud in his stalkerish pursuit of Alphys and Undyne on his way to the Silver Sleet) all over the tiled floor!

"MY EYES!" several of the customers clutched their noggin and shrieked loudly in agonizing pain, stumbling around blindly and getting pieces of broken glass in their resultingly bleeding feet (which, of course, ended up leaving BLOODY footprints all over the floor in addition to Asriel's muddy ones, forming a combination that even in a million years would never be able to make it through the Hogwarts admission process) as blood sprayed violently from their glass-cut eyeballs...only it wasn't really blood; in fact, it was actually more like blood-red liquid dust.

"Good night, Mommy..." Asriel moaned exhaustedly and stumbled back over to his stool, charging up a huge magic fireball in his hand and throwing it at Toriel's highly flammable gas-powered oven as he collapsed onto the floor and fell fast-asleep as could be while everyone still in the place besides Alphys and Undyne ran out screaming.

"COME ON, YOU TAKE THAT SIDE, I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE!" Undyne urgently commanded Alphys, picking Asriel up by the legs while Alphys picked him up by the shoulders.

"NOW RUN, RUN, RUN, RUN, RUN!" Undyne screamed in a fit of panic as the two of them charged straight out of the restaurant, using Asriel as a battering ram to slam right through what little was left of the front door in one graceful lunge as the entire place exploded into smithereens!

"Well, THAT was certainly something..." Alphys and Undyne sighed, burying their heads in their hands and crying as Burgerpants drove by in his Cadillac, picked them up and drove them over to his place.

Chapter 12

TIMG: CHAPTER 12

Surprisingly enough, as Alphys and Undyne (and Burgerpants) disembarked from Burgerpants' car, they saw that everything was still in pretty much normal condition considering how completely and utterly insane of a day-to-day life Burgerpants had...well, aside from Mettaton having already eaten just about all of Burgerpants' scrap and even a little bit of his art, that is.

"Alright, gals, so here's the deal; so far, having Mettaton as my pet has actually gone surprisingly well, but almost all of my scrap metal is gone now! Soon enough, there'll be nothing even left for him to eat, AND WE REALLY WOULDN'T WANT THAT SH*T F%#&ING HAPPENING, NOW WOULD WE?!" Burgerpants suddenly grabbed Asriel's body out of the car, opened up his earflap and screamed at the top of his lungs directly into his ear; so loudly, in fact, that it literally shattered his eardrum into a whole myriad of bloody, jagged pieces.

"Jesus freaking CHRIST, dude; what the hell was THAT for?!" Alphys and Undyne both yelled disgustedly at Burgerpants, throwing their arms out to their sides in a "dude, seriously, what the actual f\$%&" type of gesture as Burgerpants pointed to the two of them with one index finger and gave Asriel a wet willie with the other; sure enough, Asriel was somehow STILL asleep as Burgerpants lifted him up over his shoulder, carried him into his still-just-as-creepy-as-ever freaking sex dungeon of a house and then finally took him straight down the elevator into the cold, dark, BDSM-infested basement with Alphys and Undyne following along behind him.

"WOW...what IS this freaking disgusting, scary-ass place?!" Alphys and Undyne gasped in slightly horrified amazement as they feasted their eyes upon the countless types of bondage-fetish equipment that the entire dimly-lit underground sex cavern of a room was littered with.

"Kids, please just trust me on this one: you REALLY don't wanna know what's going on inside my head!" Burgerpants warned them, waving his index finger at them in a "no-no" gesture as him and his adorable new friends reluctantly trudged over numerous ball gags and bondage suits, trying their hardest to avoid stepping in the numerous cum stains that were all over the floor as Burgerpants finally reached the vertical bondage table that was located in roughly the center of the room, stripping Asriel completely naked and locking his neck, wrists and ankles tightly into said table's metal cuff-rings.

"What does that have to do with anything...OH...OH, YES...F%#&, YES...I'VE BEEN WAITING SUCH A PAINSTAKINGLY LONG TIME FOR AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS!" Alphys ominously hissed and whispered to herself in a fit of intense sudden realization as Burgerpants lifted up the outer flap of Asriel's ear and beckoned rather politely for the two of them to enter inside while Undyne awkwardly backed away from both of them and did the jazz hands in response.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, you can't seriously be for real right now, BECAUSE THIS IS JUST TOO FREAKING PERFECT!" Alphys squealed almost orgasmically, kneeling down onto her hands and knees and crying tears of pure, uncondensed joy while Undyne merely covered her eyes with her hands and stuck her tongue out in disgust at the mere thought of doing such a thing.

"Don't MIND if I do!" Alphys laughed wholeheartedly as she pulled her shrink ray out of her pocket and zapped both herself and Undyne with it, shrinking both of them to practically microscopic size.

"Wow, what are THESE?!" Undyne gasped in wonderment as Alphys pulled out a pair of cell phones from her pockets and transformed them both into jetpacks as the two of them each strapped exactly one onto their backs and flew up into the cold and stinky and ever-so-clammy air, heading straight for Asriel's wide-open ear and flying right into his ear canal as the poor utterly despicable yet weirdly lovable boy's sleeping medicine finally began to wear off.

"EWW! Good GOD, this is so freaking GROSS! Seriously, if there's ANYTHING that THIS knucklehead needs in his ears, it's probably going to have to be a freaking SWAB...and a very, VERY long and cleansing one at that!" Undyne turned very green around the gills and nearly puked in disgust as she and Alphys witnessed (and bobbed and weaved their way past) the thriving colony of miniature aphids living in Asriel's revoltingly grotesque formations of slimy, oozing, dripping earwax...as well as the absolutely repugnant smell that the wax itself gave off.

"Oh dear sweet Lucifer, I think I'm going to be SICK!" Alphys moaned in absolute revulsion, pulling an extra-large-sized Ziploc bag out of her pocket and violently throwing up into it as she and Undyne finally made it past Asriel's eardrum (well, at least all of the hazardously sharp and horribly damaged broken shards of it, that is) and made their way deep into his inner ear!

"Man, just RELAX, kid! It'll all be over in a second...or at least as soon as they finish reducing your mental faculties into those of a freaking CARROT, that is!" Burgerpants slapped his knee and laughed uproariously as he got out a whip from the plastic see-through box that just so happened to be lying around on the floor right next to him and began harshly flogging Asriel with it.

"Alright, let's see here...first, we go this way...then that way...then this-a-way...then that-a-way..." Alphys rambled to herself as she pulled out her iPhone and used its Google Anatomy app's GPS feature to navigate her way through the mazelike tunnels of Asriel's inner ear while Undyne reluctantly and somewhat unsurely followed along behind her.

"A-HA! HERE WE GO! FINALLY!" Undyne laughed as she and Alphys finally reached the end of the maze and found themselves standing in front of a rather suspiciously cracked wall of skull bone, causing Undyne to devilishly smirk as she suddenly had a brilliant spear-related idea!

"AFTER YOU!" Alphys teasingly ushered Undyne in with a sly wink as the fish warrior magically transformed her energy spear into an energy sledgehammer and smashed the bone-barrier into pieces, causing Asriel to shriek and cry loudly in pain as the two of them made their way through the resulting hole and finally reached the humble abode of his surprisingly large brain!

"Oh, don't be such a baby; SANITY grows back!" Burgerpants chuckled dementedly as he climbed onto the table and began fervently licking the blood out of Asriel's whip wounds.

"NO, IT FREAKING DOESN'T!" Asriel yelled infuriatedly at Burgerpants as he suddenly felt the remarkably unsettling and terrifying sensation of not one but TWO mentally deranged, highly intelligent, heavily armed and vengeance-seeking insects climbing onto his poor, poor brain!

"Alright, he's officially totally defenseless and helpless now...OH SWEET JESUS, so many wonderful opportunities for revenge; where the hell do I even START?!" Alphys laughed dementedly as she and Alphys reached the very top of Asriel's brain and got down on their hands and knees.

"Oh, I think I know a REAL good way to f%#& with this bastard's head right about now!" Undyne laughed insanely and raised her eyebrows suggestively at the audience as she pulled down her pants while Alphys reluctantly unbuttoned her lab coat, revealing the fact that both of them somehow had penises despite very clearly being girls as they both...ahem...udderly swallowed their pride.

(SCENE MISSING; WE VERY DEARLY DO NOT APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.)

"OHH...sweet monkey-humping, fish-f%#&ing son of Neptune himself, that felt SO GOOD..." Undyne moaned with orgasmic delight, still fried into a literal anthropomorphic fishstick from how incredibly hard she had just accidentally electrocuted herself as she retracted her soft, veiny and scaly fish penis from within the wrinkly, spongy folds of Asriel's cerebral cortex, deliberately showing off her massive resulting strand of cum to the audience.

"It's just like one of my Japanese ANIMES!" Alphys (who had also accidentally electrocuted herself into a charred and cartoonishly still-alive crisp in the exact same manner) squealed with delight, retracting her even softer, veinier and scalar dinosaur penis from the outer neural network of Asriel's brain and licking up her very own resulting massive strand of cum with her ridiculously long tongue.

"Good heavens, Alphys, what the f%#& do you WATCH?!" Undyne gagged in disgust, shooting Alphys a distinctly "dude, WTF is wrong with you" look as the two of them hid their dicks back in their clothes and readied themselves for one of the most important parts of the entire process.

"GERONIMO!" Alphys and Undyne both laughed with delight as they literally dived right into Asriel's brain!

"GAAAHAHAHAHA! AIEEEHEHEHEHE!" Asriel screamed and laughed maniacally, clutching his head in pain as the wholly unwelcome intruders passed right through his outer nerve tissue and conveniently landed right in his control room while he helplessly trembled and cried in terror.

"Oh, come on, what are you so afraid of? As long as you've still got someone like ME to keep you company, I can pretty much assure that everything will be perfectly ALRIGHT! So please just stay calm, relax, and let my wonderful feline mouth do its work on you!" Burgerpants laughed and cried dementedly, kneeling downward and gently placing his lips around the poor kid's penis, causing Asriel to moan loudly in pleasure as Burgerpants began passionately sucking on its veiny, spongy, shafty goodness and teasing over it with his tongue.

"So, how does it FEEL, Asriel? How does it FEEL knowing that we basically freaking OWN this place now?!" Undyne yelled angrily as she pulled off her boots and teasingly walked barefoot across the incredibly sensitive and delicate inner surface of Asriel's nerve tissue, causing him to weep in pain.

"What's the MATTER, sweetie? These toenails of ours a bit too SHARP for your freaking dull-as-sh*t majesty?" Alphys playfully teased Asriel as she and Undyne finally reached Asriel's frontal lobe, with the former immediately taking her seat at his central control supercomputer and hacking into its surprisingly extensive databanks while Undyne set her shoes down right next to the computer, put on a welding mask and began climbing up the wall, so to speak; yes, she still had her jetpack and everything, but for the time being, considering the type of person that she and Alphys were dealing with, she just wanted to do this in the most deliberately painful way possible.

"Wow, Undyne, how are you able to STICK like that?" Alphys gasped in amazement as Undyne literally walked right up the wall.

"HARD WORK AND DETERMINATION!" Undyne roared triumphantly, causing Alphys to shudder somewhat in fear as the fish lady reached the ceiling of Asriel's brain and found a disturbingly large number of broken purple wires.

"Um, Undyne? I THINK that the purple wires are actually the ones that handle his conscientious

thoughts and his ability to show monster decency towards other people, so I would STRONGLY advise repairing them!" Alphys informed Undyne over the phone as she immediately grabbed a pair of broken ends and got right to work.

"HRRRGH! RAWRRR! HNNNGH!" Undyne grunted cheesily as she forced the wires back together with her bare hands, her burning passion alone somehow being enough to weld them back into one piece again.

"You know, I'm actually kind of starting to feel really BAD for these two right now..." Asriel sobbed and sniffled, wincing in pain as Undyne crawled all over the inside of his brain with her razor-sharp fingernails and toenails in tow on a quest to repair all the rest of his broken conscience wires while Burgerpants began violently biting and twisting the poor boy's nipples.

"Oh, and as for all of that KNOWLEDGE you stole from me, I think I'll just steal all of that sh*t right BACK and be on my merry way, thank you very LITTLE!" Alphys sneered angrily as she selected all of the Mettaton-related memory files that Asriel had stolen from her, stuck her finger into the DOWNLOAD socket and effectively stole every single one of them right back!

"All right, that's all of the wires taken care of!" Undyne laughed, putting her hands on her hips and posing triumphantly while Alphys just stared at her and blinked absentmindedly.

"So, what's next?" Undyne asked Alphys eagerly, putting her boots back on and glaring distrustfully at her as the lizard lady pulled out George Michael's WHAM album from her pockets and smirked a very profoundly evil and malicious smirk, licking her lips excitedly in the process.

"Heh heh heh...let's practice DANCING!" Alphys cackled evilly as she inserted the album CD into Asriel's disk drive, pulled her cell phone out of her pocket and dialed up Burgerpants.

"Hey there, munchkin, what's up? What do you need from me?" Burgerpants asked Alphys over the phone, prompting the lizard lady to then maliciously, ominously whisper her diabolical new plan into his ear through the phone...a plan that caused him (yes, HIM) to flinch backward and raise his eyebrows in shock!

"Well, okay...if you say so, I guess..." Burgerpants sighed as he finally loosened Asriel's shackles and freed him from the table, prompting him to then immediately hoist Burgerpants over his shoulder, take him right back up the elevator and into his disgusting bedroom, and then (last but not least) forcefully dress him up against his will into his Princess Peach costume!

"Um...Alphys? You're not planning to publicly HUMILIATE and embarrass us in freaking PUBLIC, are you?" Burgerpants asked Alphys terrifiedly over the phone, his knees quaking in fear and anxiety while Asriel deployed a magical music-video camera into the air and took him gently by the shoulders; meanwhile, there Alphys and Undyne were, deep inside Asriel's brain, drooling at the mouth like the absolutely rabid and downright completely batsh*t-insane yaoi fangirls that they were as Alphys selected the song Careless Whisper from the album, hit the PLAY button and immediately began dancing romantically with Undyne while Asriel and Burgerpants began doing the exact same with each other, all while the world's sexiest saxophone solo blared loudly through the air.

"I feel so unsure, as I take your hand and lead you to the dance floor!" Burgerpants whispered sexily as he and Asriel proposed marriage to each other and french-kissed wetly and sloppily in the middle of the public church while everyone in the audience cringed and winced in disgust.

"As the music dies, something in your eyes...calls to mind a silver screen, and all its sad goodbyes!" Asriel sang as he and Burgerpants hugged each other and rolled back and forth together

on top of their queen-sized bed.

"I'm never gonna dance again; guilty feet have GOT no rhythm! Though it's easy to pretend, I know you're not a fool!" Burgerpants sang as he and Asriel laid atop a public commemorative pedestal for Sans' dead grandmother Ariel and gave each other the footjobs of their lives.

"I should have known better than to cheat a friend, and waste the chance that I'D been given; so I'm never gonna dance again, the way I danced with YOO-OOO-OOU!" Asriel sang as he and Burgerpants curled up in fetal positions together and buttraped each other inside of the literal womb of creation.

"Time can never mend...the CARELESS WHISPERS of a good friend!" Burgerpants sang as he and Asriel interlocked each other's hands together and twirled about merrily in the woods, then lovingly bent each other backwards and smooched each other while Alphys and Undyne hid behind a nearby bush and excitedly watched through binoculars with their left hands while furiously masturbating with their rights.

"To the heart and mind, ignorance is kind! There's no comfort in the truth; pain is ALL you'll find!" Asriel cried as he was shipped to Burgerpants in the mail as his Flowey form by Toriel as his obligatory botanic dating gift, causing Burgerpants to then immediately cradle the poor flower in his arms, kneel down onto his knees and bawl his ever-loving eyes out in the middle of the very same street of New York City that the mailbox was located on.

"I'm never gonna dance again; guilty feet have GOT no rhythm! Though it's easy to pretend, I know you're not a fool!" Burgerpants sang as he and Asriel ran right through an anti-gay parade in Times Square and got violently pelted with orange peels, rotten tomatoes and picket signs.

"I should have known better than to cheat a friend, and waste the chance that I'D been given! So I'm never gonna dance again, the way I danced with YOU, OHHHHHH!" Asriel sang as he and Burgerpants lovingly molested each other in the shower of their fancy first-class apartment.

"Never without your LOVE..." Burgerpants gently wrapped his arm around Asriel, nibbled on his ear and whispered lovingly into it as he seductively turned the crank and shut the shower off, prompting the two of them to then sexily, steamingly, nakedly walk out of the bathroom together while holding each other's hands as the sexophone solo blared through the air yet again, serving as the audio cue for a massive light-speed montage of all of the different times that the two of them had engaged in hot, steaming sexual intercourse with each other.

"Tonight the music SEEMS so loud! I wish that we could LOSE this crowd!" Asriel sang as he and Burgerpants drove at blistering speed through New York City together in hot pursuit by the police in the latter's diamond-studded Cadillac, with several purple rubber dildos spilling out of the back trunk and causing the police cars to spin out and crash all over the place.

"Maybe it's BETTER this way; we'd hurt each other with the things we want to SAY!" Burgerpants sang as he and Asriel drove up a blocked-off wooden construction ramp, converted the car into an airplane and flew off to Hawaii at the speed of sound itself.

"We could have been so good together! We could have lived this dance forever!" Asriel sang as he strapped a metric crapload dynamite onto himself, unlocked his passenger door and skydived thousands of feet right out of it with an active volcano right beneath him!

"But NOW who's gonna dance with me? PLEASE STAY!" Burgerpants cried as he tried desperately to catch Asriel in mid-flight...but to no avail, since he teleported right out of the way on literally each and every single attempt, shedding gentle suicidal tears as he fell directly into the

crater-hole on top of the volcano, causing the entire thing to explode into smithereens!

"I'm never gonna dance again; guilty feet have GOT no rhythm! Though it's easy to pretend, I know you're not a fool!" Burgerpants cried as he literally danced and did the moonwalk on top of Asriel's grave, the poor boy's ghost dancing with him.

"I should have known better than to cheat a friend, and waste the chance that I'D been given! So I'm never gonna dance again, the way I danced with YOU, OHHHHHHHH!" Asriel's ghost sang as he lovingly jerked off to his own precious memories of his fifteen seconds of romantic fame with Burgerpants and shot out his ectoplasmic, ghastly seed all over his own grave as a direct result.

"(Now that you're gone...) NOOOOW that you're gone..." Burgerpants sang sorrowfully as Mettaton lifted the poor cat up into the palms of his hands while he groveled miserably and gently bawled his eyes out while clutching a wilted batch of sunflowers in his hand.

"(Now that you're gone...) Was what I did so WRONG...so WRONG?! That you had to LEAVE me alone?!" Burgerpants wailed and cried hysterically, pounding his fists and feet on the metallic floor as the giant lowered him down onto a beautiful patch of sunflowers, where he then proceeded to have a nervous breakdown and begin ferociously shoving the flowers into his mouth and eat them until he died of food poisoning; angered by the poor man's actions, the nearby swarms of bees then proceeded to sting the head of his dead body in a cumulative effort, causing said head to swell up like a balloon and therefore sending him floating straight up into the sun.

Chapter 13

TIMG: CHAPTER 13

Meanwhile in real life, however, outside of the music video that was somehow being magically produced by the camera (not to mention Burgerpants' utterly demented and delirious LSD fantasies), all that was really happening was that Asriel and Burgerpants were very awkwardly and embarrassingly dancing together in the middle of a forest while Alphys and Undyne pretty much did the exact same thing inside of the former's brain; oh, and on a semi-related side note, Mettaton also learned how to dance!

"DANCE..." Mettaton whispered thunderingly and boomingly to himself as he twirled around on his tiptoes and accidentally tripped right over onto a nearby tree, knocking over several other rotten trees right behind that one in a domino effect so that the last of the exactly three trees involved in said domino effect coincidentally(?) fell right into Snowdin's largest bonfire, causing the entire forest to suddenly go up and ablaze in flames as the song concluded itself with Asriel tightly hugging Burgerpants with one arm and shoving the other one right up the poor man's pantyless skirt to lovingly fondle his testicles while also french-kissing him at the same time.

"AHH, that was so beautiful..." Alphys and Undyne moaned together as they finally removed their fingers from each other's vaginas, redressed themselves and looked at the computer monitor to see through Asriel's very own eyes whether or not anything had gone horribly wrong outside in the forest.

"OH GOD, FOREST FIRE, FOREST FIRE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!" Burgerpants and Asriel (as well as Alphys and Undyne) both screamed in unison, hugging each other tightly for comfort and trembling in terror as the blazing forest fire continued to spread even wider by the minute.

"WAIT, GUYS, I THINK WE HAVE AN IDEA!" Alphys and Undyne yelled through Asriel's speech microphone while Asriel wet himself (and Burgerpants drank it, of course, because why not?).

"And what would THAT be, may I ask?" Burgerpants asked them teasingly as he got out his makeup mirror from his purse and applied a ridiculous amount of eyeliner, eyeshadow, lipstick and foundation onto his face, popping and licking his lips and glaring seductively at Asriel.

"Well, you COULD get out of my freaking HEAD, for one!" Asriel growled sternly at the two of them, crossing his arms over his chest and tapping his foot on the ground somewhat irritatedly.

"Been there, done that!" Alphys and Undyne laughed as they flew right out of his nose, grew themselves back to normal size, gave each other high-fives and then finally hugged and cuddled each other lovingly while Asriel groaned, shrugged and rolled his eyes dejectedly in response.

"So, girls; are you going to tell me what the PLAN is here, or what?" Burgerpants asked the two of them curiously as he suggestively smacked his lips at Asriel, who glared soul-piercingly at him in response while Alphys whispered her new emergency plan into Undyne's ear fin!

"Alright, get this: we take the water in the nearby lake, drop a really REALLY big rock into it, and PUSH it somewhere else!" Undyne explained, gesturing out each incredibly simplistic step with her hands.

"ROCK?" Mettaton asked curiously as he suddenly came over and sat down right next to them

with a colossal metallic THUD, causing everyone in the general vicinity to jump in surprise.

"Hmm...you know what? This idea is so freaking crazy that given the type of universe WE live in, it just might actually WORK!" Asriel suddenly realized in a fit of pure joy, jumping up and down merrily like a little bunny rabbit and adorably squeezing Alphys and Undyne in his arms like little plush toys while Mettaton scooped up all four of his new friends onto his shoulders and carried them through the burning forest clearing behind Burgerpants' house to the massive nearby lake that Alphys and Undyne had previously been referring to, also known as Lake Totalinotaplodevice.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"Alright, kids, have fun!" Burgerpants, who was still just as ridiculously crossdressed as before, sighed dejectedly as he got out one of his favorite porn magazines, summoned his lawnchair and kicked back on it as he eagerly flipped the magazine open and crossed his legs effeminate while Alphys, Undyne and Asriel reluctantly walked out onto the lake's twenty-foot diving cliff, with Mettaton eagerly and excitedly backing up into the very same forest clearing that he had entered through and waiting for the three of them to finally perform their dives.

"Man, this bathing suit REALLY chafes!" Undyne whined annoyingly as she dug into her crotch with her hand and scratched the growing itch in her Alphys-matching Mew Mew Kissy Cutie panties.

"Yeah, man, my bikini is giving me freaking TIT CRAMPS!" Alphys moaned in despair, clutching her chest in pain from how excessively she had tightened her Undyne-matching Mew Mew Kissy Cutie bra.

"Oh, for the love of God, quit WHINING already! At least you actually HAVE clothes!" Asriel sighed and facepalmed disappointedly on Alphys' and Undyne's behalf while Burgerpants stared intently at his firm, tight buttocks.

"DAT ASS THO..." Burgerpants whispered to himself, licking his lips and hissing with delight as he put on a pair of clear-lensed hipster sunglasses (yes, ON TOP of his already outright ludicrous and publicly unacceptable outfit) and snapped his fingers handsomely in a pointing gesture.

"Watch how I do it, everybody! This one's for Waterfall-trained professionals ONLY!" Undyne laughed valiantly as she backed up, gave herself a huge running start and did a gracefully clear-cut and gorgeous swan dive (yes, from TWENTY FREAKING FEET, because the lake was seriously that freaking deep) into the water, making a surprisingly minuscule SPLASH!

"So...is the current temperature of the water suitable for organic lifeforms to plunge themselves into or what?" Alphys asked Undyne, cupping her hands and yelling so that she could hear her.

"O-oh y-yeah, t-the w-water's F-F-F-FINE!" Undyne stuttered and stammered, very clearly shivering and chattering her teeth from how freezing-cold the water was as she reluctantly and awkwardly shot Alphys and Asriel a great big double thumbs-up with her trembling, jittering hands.

"Well, here goes nothing!" Alphys shrugged her shoulders nihilistically as she decided to recklessly do a cannonball dive straight into the almost Arctic-cold water, making a huge SPLASH!

"I t-think m-my b-blood is about t-to F-FREEZE!" Alphys crossed her arms over her chest and shrieked in pain from the sheer coldness of the water, her teeth chattering so loudly that it could audibly be heard from at least twenty whole feet away as she shivered in despair.

"HMPH! You pathetic mortals DISGUST me! FEAST your eyes upon how the TRUE godly professionals of this world do it!" Asriel boasted arrogantly as he leapt off of the cliff and did several midair somersaults as he rapidly fell through the air and into the lake!

"BEHOLD the awesome WRATH of- YEEEOWWWCH!" Asriel screamed like a little girl as he landed in the water with another equally huge SPLASH and nearly shivered his SOUL out from how cold it was!

"Oh, come on, Burgerpants, you're not getting in TOO?" Alphys teased Burgerpants.

"Do I LOOK like I'm wearing proper swimming gear to you?" Burgerpants asked, putting a nicely lit cigarette into his golden-wigged, pink-dressed, clown-painted mouth and smoking it as he continued burying his face into his porn magazine, tilting the profoundly seedy pamphlet around like a steering wheel in the process while he used it to "hide" the fact that he was very clearly jerking off.

"Personally, I think a better question would be DO YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE WEARING PROPER MALE CLOTHING?" Undyne laughed uproariously at him while her friends laughed with her.

"Damn, she REALLY got me there..." Burgerpants sighed, reapplying his glittery red lipstick and brushing his curly, dangling, golden-blonde hair with his fingers and readjusting his earrings.

"Well, hey; I mean, at least it makes him look pretty, right?" Asriel blushed, shrugged and reluctantly admitted, causing both Alphys and Undyne to almost immediately burst out laughing at him while Mettaton suddenly charged right through the clearing and jumped into the air with all of his might, curling up into a ball and yelling "CANNONBALL" in the process.

"Meh, whatever..." Burgerpants muttered to himself in response, opening his magazine back up and continuing to indulge himself even further in its many not-exactly-hidden treasures without a single care in the world as Mettaton finally landed right in the dead center of the ginormous lake, making a gargantuan splash that was literally the size and shape of a nuclear explosion and sending a massive tsunami-sized wave of water rushing its way over the entire forest!

"OH, SWEET MOTHERF%#&ING SON OF GOAT SATAN HIMSELF!" Burgerpants screamed in terror, his contorting into yet another grotesquely exaggerated expression straight out of the good old days of classic John-K-era Ren & Stimpy as he hopelessly covered his face with his magazine in a quite frankly pathetic attempt to block the wave with a giant packet of paper.

"HOLY FREAKING SH*T, THIS IS AWESOME!" Alphys and Undyne laughed and cheered with excitement as the foaming crest of the wave shot them something like fifty solid feet into the air, putting out the fire and causing an immensely thick fog of steam to billow up from the now mostly-leafless trees in the forest!

"..." Burgerpants held his breath and sighed internally, still firmly bolted to his lawn chair as the wave washed his magazine right away to god-knows-where (with Asriel swimming desperately after it) and deposited him right into the middle of a nearby dirt road, with lopsided glasses, a soaking-wet and laughably fake horsehair wig, equally soaking-wet and laughably dangling fur, and hideously running makeup all over his face just to add the proverbial icing to the cake.

"WOOOOOO! YEAH-HAH!" Alphys laughed and squealed with joy and excitement as she clung for dear life to the pointy little tip-top of a nearby evergreen tree while Mettaton looked around curiously until he finally found her and let loose a simply adorable smile in response.

"That was probably the most fun I've ever had in my entire stinking LIFE!" Undyne laughed and giggled as she clung for dear life to Alphys' pudgy, adorable and surprisingly long little tail, nibbling on it lovingly.

"GAH! UNDYNÉ! TEETH! SERIOUSLY!" Alphys yelped in pain as Undyne accidentally sunk her teeth into its nerve endings, causing it to involuntarily and somewhat frantically wag back and forth while Undyne struggled not to lose her grip.

"What, in the actual, F%#&. Just happened?" Burgerpants thought to himself as he literally just sat there oh his chair, right in the middle of the road, with a look on his face that could only be described as contemplating whether or not taking additional LSD in the near future would actually be a good idea as Nice Burger Guy drove by in his snow-white-puppy delivery truck and stopped right next to him to deliver very important and totally-not-obvious news to him.

"HEY!" Nice Burger Guy poked his head out through the driver's side window of the truck and yelled at Burgerpants while all of the puppies adorably snuggled each other, wagged their tails and yipped at the poor crossdressing bastard in admiration of how disturbingly cute his womanly attire made him.

"Yeah?" Burgerpants said flatly in response.

"You're RIGHT in the middle of the-"

"YEAH?!" Burgerpants frustratingly raised his voice at Nice Burger Guy, cutting him off in mid-sentence as he glanced over at him and revealed his hilariously ruined and hideous face.

"WELL, I HONESTLY CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I'VE LAUGHED THIS HARD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE, BUT ALRIGHTY THEN! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Nice Burger Guy hysterically laughed his ever-loving ass off, rolling on the seats and pounding his fists on the seat cushions and wiping the joyful hilarity-induced tears from his eyes as he exhaustedly pulled himself back up into his seat and drove off, still trying to hold back his laughter while all of the cuddly little dogs stuffed into the back trunk pointed and giggled uproariously at him.

"I think that's enough FUN for one day..." Burgerpants sighed blankly as the sun set behind him.

Chapter 14

TIMG: CHAPTER 14

Immediately the next morning in Toriel's dining room, at literally 7:00 AM in the morning in fact, Alphys and Undyne were already unable to actually eat their cereal because they were far too busy overexcitedly telling Toriel about all of the weird and crazy and off-the-wall things that had just happened to them, doing all kinds of goofy hand gestures as they did so!

"And then the entire restaurant went KA-BLOOIE!" Alphys yelled and laughed joyfully, throwing her hands up into the air and slinging her mug of coca-coffee right into the wall behind her to symbolize how she and Undyne had felt when the event had happened while Toriel irritatedly swept the resulting shards of broken glass off of the carpet and scraped them into the trash can.

"I KNOW..." Toriel groaned and rolled her eyes dejectedly as she wrote a frightfully massive check to the local house repairmen and angrily threw her crumpled-up uniform into the trash can.

"No, wait, it gets even better!" Undyne piped up. "When Asriel woke up, the two of us were INSIDE HIS BRAIN, and there was, like, literally nothing that he could do about it and stuff, and so we, yes, WE, whipped out our freaking...WEE-WEES, so to speak, and DROVE them like a mad Snowdin buffalo STRAIGHT into his wrinkly, fleshy neural network, and then we-"

"HOLD ON a second!" Toriel interrupted them, wrinkling her nose and twitching her eyes in absolute moral AND physical disgust. "WHO IN THE ACTUAL F#%& have you guys been hanging around with lately that would inspire you to do such absolutely depraved and disgusting sh*t as-"

"I'll give you a hint; his name starts with a B!" Alphys teasingly informed Toriel, whose eyes immediately began to twitch and boil and crack bloodshot with rage as she furiously yanked her phone from her purse, storming down the stairs and ranting her ever-loving head off at Burgerpants as she went out the front door and closed it tightly behind her so that her kids hopefully wouldn't be able to hear her (considering that she had also closed all of the windows).

(HINT: Thanks to the nearby gaping hole in the wall, in addition to how incredibly loud Toriel could get at times when someone made her angry enough, Alphys and Undyne could still very clearly hear her; in fact, they both eagerly set up their chairs right next to said hole in the wall, put a miniature table between themselves, set their bowls down firmly onto it, and reluctantly began eating their now-slightly-soggy Peanut Brittle Crunch while Toriel screamed her lungs out with rage and paced around and around in massive circles in the front yard outside.)

"BURGERPANTS, I HAVE ABSOLUTELY HAD IT WITH YOUR SH*T! I SWEAR TO F%#&ING GONORRHEA CHRIST, IF YOU LET MY GODDAMNED 12-YEAR-OLD ADOPTIVE DAUGHTERS SLAP THEIR F#%&ING SH*T PICKLES AGAINST MY BIOLOGICAL SON'S C*NT-SUCKING, SH*T-EATING BRAIN ONE MORE GODDAMNED MOTHERF#%&ING TIME, I AM GOING TO RIP YOUR F%#&ING NUTSACK INSIDE OUT AND SHOVE YOUR TESTICLES SO GODDAMNED FAR UP MY VAGINA THAT WHEN I QUEEF, I'LL SING FUCKING MUSE! OH, AND ALSO, DID I MENTION THAT YOU ARE GOING TO F#%&ING LIKE IT?!" Toriel ranted unbelievably furiously at Burgerpants (who meanwhile just blankly stood in his room, utterly speechless) over the phone while Alphys and Undyne laughed so hard that milk shot out from both of their noses.

"AND YOU ACTUALLY F#%&ING SERIOUSLY WONDER WHY I'VE BEEN F#%&ING

THINKING LATELY ABOUT BREAKING THE F%#& UP WITH YOU! FIRST, IT WAS ME FINDING ALL OF THE GODDAMNED CHILD PORN IN YOUR F%#&ING REVOLTING WHORE-STY OF A HOUSE, THEN IT WAS YOU F%#&ING SHIPPING ALPHYS AND SOMEONE OTHER THAN UNDYNE TOGETHER, THEN IT WAS YOU PUTTING F%ING CRACK IN UNDERAGED PEOPLE'S COFFEE AND SNORTING IT OFF OF THEIR PENISES, THEN IT WAS YOU ATTEMPTING TO MARRY NICE BURGER GUY BY CROSSDRESSING YOURSELF AS HARLEY QUINN, TYING HIM UP LIKE A F&%#ING MOUTH-TAPED PIÑATA AND BEATING THE LIVING SH*T-F#&% OUT OF HIM WITH A PURPLE DILDO BAT UNTIL HE EVENTUALLY PROPOSED TO THE F%#&ING POLICE, THEN IT WAS YOU BEING A TOTAL F%#&ING CESSPOOL-SCRAPING DICKBAG TO THE LOYAL SH*T-EATING CUSTOMERS AT YOUR SH*T-SUCKING RESTAURANT, THEN IT WAS YOU CROSSING THE GODDAMNED STREET WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING, THEN IT WAS YOU LETTING LOOSE A F#%&ING WILD DICK-EATING SQUIRREL INTO MY RESTAURANT, AND NOW IT'S THIS F%ING BURNING-DOWN-HALF-OF-THE-ENTIRE-FOREST-AND-NEARLY-GIVING-MY-GODDAMNED-SON-AN-EAR-INFECTED BULLSH*T! SERIOUSLY, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN'T F#%&ING MANAGE TO F&%# UP?!" Toriel literally ranted her head off at Burgerpants, briefly leaning forward and pausing to pick it back up and screw it back on.

"OH MY GOD, I can't freaking BREATHE!" Alphys laughed and cried hysterically, rolling on the floor and pounding it with her fists and feet while Undyne did the exact same.

"Wow, I wonder if she kissed her HUSBAND with that mouth!" Undyne bit her jaw, clutched her chest tightly, held in her tears and joked, causing the two of them to burst out into an even wilder fit of laughter and almost die in the process while Burgerpants and Toriel continued arguing over the phone.

"Oh, for CRYING out loud, WOULD YOU SHUT THE EVER-LOVING F%#& UP, WOMAN! THANK YOU! GOD! Anyway, look; that's not even really the f%ing PROBLEM right now anyway! Asriel went to the ear doctor at the local hospital and came out as a WAY better person than before (in other words, he actually managed to develop a freaking CONSCIENCE somehow, believe it or not), the forest is already recovering pretty rapidly, the builders of Silver Sleet are planning to build a new restaurant named after some f#%&ing fire dude that I honestly can't even be BOTHERED to remember the freaking NAME of right now, and...well...anyway, look, Mettaton's fine, okay? Nothing's happened to him...nor to anyone else, really...so can you PLEASE just calm the f% down and at least TRY to be a bit REASONABLE here?!" Burgerpants ranted back angrily at Toriel, pacing around his bedroom in circles and admiring all of its fabulously, wonderfully slutty decorations as he smugly cleared his throat and continued speaking.

"You see, here's what the freaking PROBLEM right NOW is; unless I'm horribly freaking mistaken here, I'm pretty damned sure that I SPECIFICALLY told Mettaton that he could stay for only the WEEKEND and nothing more! Guess what, it's freaking MONDAY MORNING now!" Burgerpants explained as he glanced out the nearest window only to find Mettaton's smug-ass face glaring back at him.

"Goddamnit, it's freaking SUNDAY, you blithering idiot!" Toriel groaned, rolled her eyes, facepalmed and shook her head. "You see, THIS right here is EXACTLY why you need to stop smoking the f#%&ing WEED!"

"Well, you know what? I just figured; since those f%ing crazy-ass Alphys and Undyne motherf%&ers apparently love Mettaton so goddamned much, how about I just let them f&%#ing RIDE him for a change or some sh*t?" Burgerpants explained, shrugging his shoulders as he sent Mettaton off on his merry, flying-around-with-his-rocket-propelled-stilettos way.

"Hmm...you know what, that actually sounds like a pretty f%#&ing HORRIBLE idea, ESPECIALLY considering how much trouble the little rascals have managed to get themselves into even WITHOUT Mettaton's help...but I mean, hey, I've only lived in this world for something like 10,000 f%#&ing years and I still literally look like I'm in my mid-thirties or perhaps even twenties; who am I to judge, am I right?" Toriel agreed sarcastically, jumping several feet into the air and having a temporary heart attack that caused her to collapse head-over-heels onto the ground unconscious as Mettaton finally arrived in the yard and landed right behind her!

"See what I mean? THAT right there is what I call a logical viewpoint on the world if I do say so myself...wait a minute, Toriel? TORIEL? TORIEL?! TORRRRRRIELLLL!" Burgerpants screamed obnoxiously through the phone while Alphys and Undyne took the opportunity to climb onto Mettaton's back and fly themselves high up into the beautiful Snowdin sky on a grand adventure!

"Hey, Mettaton; while we're up here riding on your back, do you think that maybe, just MAYBE, you could perhaps show us the world, so to speak?" Alphys asked Mettaton nervously as she looked down at the snow-speckled, tree-dotted, autumn-leaved ground down below and tried not to throw up and/or have a nervous breakdown from her crippling fear of heights.

"YES!" Mettaton agreed as he flew Alphys and Undyne all over Snowdin, allowing them to take in all of the wonderfully entertaining and beautiful sights that the area provided.

"Oh, look, there's a tree...and a slightly less burnt tree...and another tree...and a bunch of rocks...and another slightly less eroded bunch of rocks..." Undyne mumbled, resting her cheek against her hand in boredom and trying not to fall asleep as she and Undyne soared over the seemingly incalculably vast area of dense, wintry forest surrounding Toriel's and Burgerpants' houses.

"Oh, look, it's a bunch of houses...and tacky Christmas decorations littered all over the place even though Thanksgiving's barely even ended yet...and even more freaking snow...and a library with its entrance sign horribly misspelled as LIBRARBY...you know what? This place f%#&ing SUCKS!" Alphys FINALLY realized after having lived there for literally over ten YEARS.

"THIS PLACE CONFIRMED AS BAD! METTATON MUST EXTERMINATE!" Mettaton suddenly yelled like a Dalek straight out of Doctor Who, transforming into his original, proper NEO form (you know, before Alphys horrendously f%#&ed it up in the Genocide Run several years later) and becoming a terrifying, owl-like menace, armed to the teeth with shoulder missiles, eye lasers, Doctor Octopus tentacles growing from his back, quadruple-A-class Wave Motion arm cannons on both arms, razor-sharp Sephiroth wings, and even animal-crushing stiletto heels!

"NO, WAIT, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE F%#& YOU'RE DOING, STOP IT!" Alphys and Undyne screamed at him as he immediately flew straight down to the ground and slammed his feet into it so hard that he ended up creating a massive earthquake across the entire city!

Meanwhile, at the nearby Snowdin Air Force base, the area's entire military squadron had already taken to their vehicles (helicopters, tanks and fighter jets), gotten into neat and tidy formation and nervously, rather hopelessly readied itself to strike back on the horrifically imposing new robotic threat that Mettaton had suddenly (predictably) become to society while Asriel and his father General Asgore argued heatedly with each other right at the very head of the fleet!

"You f%#&ing SEE, Asriel?! THIS right here is actually what I was f%#&ing warning you about!" Asgore roared furiously at Asriel, grabbing him by the neck and punching him halfway across the school's entrance.

"You don't freaking UNDERSTAND, father!" Asriel growled angrily at Asgore, getting back up

onto his feet and wiping the blood off of his snout. "This guy isn't just any old stereotypical warmonger of death like you usually see in movies and sh*t; he actually has a damned HEART for a change! The only reason he's even attacking you in the first place is because you're freaking PROVOKING him! God damn it, HOW FREAKING HARD IS THAT TO UNDERSTAND?!"

"HA! Provocation, my wrinkled and hairy and blistering and fat and ugly old ASS!" Asgore laughed heartily, clutching his chest and smirking coldly at him. "That son of a bitch didn't even NEED any goddamned provocation, he just IMMEDIATELY started attacking out of NOWHERE for literally NO apparent reason whatsoever! HOW DO YOU F&%#ING EXPLAIN THAT?! TELL ME, YOU GODDAMNED SPOILED-ROTTEN PIECE OF SH*T!" Asgore roared like a wild animal at Asriel, kneeing him right in the jaw and then kicking him against a nearby curb while he was down.

"HA! THAT'S what you get for trying to f%#&ing STOP your goddamned FATHER from doing what his bloody heart DESIRES!" Asgore laughed, spitting on Asriel's beaten and battered body and kicking it one more time just to ensure that the poor boy was groveling and crying and sucking his thumb on the ground like the pathetic and useless piece of sh*t that he was.

"ATTACK!" Asgore commanded his fleet as a whole cavalcade of vicious war machines immediately deployed themselves straight into battle against a literally unbeatable opponent!

Chapter 15

TIMG: CHAPTER 15

"Hey, you know how they always say that it's discipline that begets love?" Sans asked Papyrus while the two of them lazily laid together atop the sofa in their double-decker house and watched TV.

"Well, not really, but OH MY GOD, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?!" Papyrus suddenly screamed for dear life as Mettaton diagonally sliced their entire house in twain with one of his arm-lasers and peeked inside through the roof (and the wall, of course, because why not?)

"GODDAMNIT, PAPYRUS, RUN OUT OF HERE AND FLEE FROM F%#&ING TOWN AS FAST AS YOU CAN! WHAT IN THE SEVEN SOULS (GAAAH!) ARE YOU FREAKING WAITING FOR?!" Sans screamed at Papyrus in horror, telekinetically grabbing him by the hand and dragging him out of the house just as Mettaton's ginormous stiletto made its footfall atop it and kicked it into shreds.

"DESTROY! DESTROY! DESTROY!" Mettaton chanted, his antennae glowing bright red as he grabbed an explosive tank shell from one of the tanks that was firing on him and tossed it right back at the battalion, then opened up his chest and poured out a myriad of cluster bomblets that scattered all over the general area around him and blew up every single thing in sight!

"Eat LEAD, motherf%#&er!" one of the nearby jet pilots growled ferociously as he swooped in and foolishly attempted to shower Mettaton with a storm of bullets as literally every single one of said bullets just went CLANK and CLINK and CLUNK against his inhumanly powerful armor.

"OH, SH-" the pilot began to yell, his transmission suddenly being cut short in mid-word as Mettaton swung one of his arm cannons and punched the poor dumbass' plane right out of the air!

"JUST FREAKING DIE ALREADY!" an entire squadron of twelve jet pilots screamed infuriatedly at him in a fit of rage as he immediately took to the skies, with the planes chasing straight after him!

"HYDRA STORM, MOTHERF%#&ER!" the pilots yelled in fury as they used their combined arsenals to shoot several gigantic barrages of missiles directly at Mettaton, who reflexively barrel-rolled right out of the way of the first dozen, used his holographic shielding ability to block the next dozen, then used his literal dozen of tentacles to grab the last dozen in mid-flight with impossibly fast and precise movements and throw them right back at the pilots that fired them, causing all twelve of their jets to explode like f%#&ed-up fireworks in the sky while Alphys and Undyne clung for dear life to the hand and foot handles on the backs of Mettaton's shoulders, screaming and crying in horror as Mettaton landed right in the middle of the Snowdin Town part of the city, positioned himself into a T-pose and fired his laser beams while leaning and spinning his torso around and around in a lightning-fast circular motion, effectively decimating just about every single thing around him as everyone in the town ran screaming for their lives.

"Mettaton, what the hell's gotten INTO you?! This has got to be the absolute SINGLE most absolutely UNACCEPTABLE freaking thing that I have ever witnessed ANYONE doing in my entire godforsaken life, and I've watched literally every single bestiality-themed hentai episode of Mew Mew Kissy Cutie at least seven times over! In laymen's terms, you should be absolutely freaking ASHAMED of yourself!" Alphys screamed into Mettaton's right ear while the giant was busy grabbing the remains of the battalion of tanks that he had just destroyed and gluttonously

eating them.

"Mettaton, I freaking love fighting just as much as probably the next stereotypically masculine redhead fish-bimbo, but this isn't fighting; it's just pure freaking MASS GENOCIDE!" Undyne screamed into Mettaton's left ear while the giant was busy shooting out his Sephiroth wings like giant laser-guided boomerangs and simultaneously slicing the propellers right off of an entire fleet of helicopters as they all came crashing straight to the ground and exploded into bits!

"KILL! DESTROY! EXTERMINATE!" Mettaton chanted as a second (and sadly the last remaining) battalion of tanks came rolling up to him in yet another foolishly straight horizontal line formation, prompting him to completely annihilate the middle two with his eye lasers and then leap into the air and handsomely crush the outer two simultaneously beneath his massive stilettos as he continued violently rampaging through the town and surrounding city, mercilessly crushing everything in his path in one fell million-ton metal sweep.

"ARF! BARK! WOOF!" Greater Dog roared angrily at Mettaton, brandishing his adorably dog-faced spear at the beast and focusing several tons of his innermost canine strength into his also adorably dog-face-decorated armor while the beast just stood there and stared blankly at him before finally lifting his stiletto-heeled foot up into the air and bringing it right down on top of the poor dog warrior, squashing his armor into a disfigured metal pancake as he luckily jumped out just in time, revealing his even more fluffy and adorable non-anthropomorphic true self!

"UM...YIP?" the poor dog stammered, trembling and wetting himself in fear as Mettaton's massive stiletto-heeled came down onto him as well, squashing him into nothing more than a big gory bloodstain on the snow-speckled ground as he took off yet again and flew right over to Toriel's house, where Toriel, Burgerpants, Asgore and Asriel were all gathered together in an intense discussion about the nature of the current situation and how to possibly take care of it.

"Alright, for the LAST freaking time, LOOK, old man; that son of yours that you literally treat like your goddamned colonial-era SLAVE is f%#&ing RIGHT, you know!" Burgerpants ranted angrily at Asgore, smacking him across his face. "See how you've already lost literally EVERY single goddamned vehicle in your ENTIRE f#&%ing FLEET because you just couldn't STOP F&%#ING ATTACKING to save your goddamned LIFE?! I'm not even joking here, this sh*t is f%#&ing SERIOUS!"

"Father, the giant is approaching!" Asriel warned Asgore, pointing at the enormous metal object that was rapidly flying toward them, presumably with his best friends Alphys and Undyne in tow.

"For God's sake, father, WHAT IN THE SEVEN HELLSS ARE WE GOING TO FREAKING DO NOW?! WE'RE ALL COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY FREAKING HOPELESS NOW, ALL THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR STUPID, SELFISH JOKE OF A MILITARY PLAN!" Asriel screamed furiously at Asgore, grabbing him by the collar and just barely resisting the urge to headbutt him right in the face.

"Well, son, I really hate to say this, but I'm afraid we've been left with no other choice; the only way out of this situation at this point is for us to make the absolute WORST decision possible!" Asgore sighed and shrugged miserably as he pulled out a rather unsettlingly single-buttoned handheld command device from his robe and reluctantly placed his finger over the big, red and shiny LAUNCH button.

"Oh, don't you f%#&ing DARE...GODDAMNIT, WOMAN, LET ME THE F#%& AT HIM!" Burgerpants screamed and cried in a fit of suppressed rage and sadness as Toriel narrowly restrained him from pouncing onto Asgore and attempting to grab the remote and bite it clean in half...which, the way that he was planning to do it, would have resulted in him pressing the button

anyway even if it had worked.

"For f%#&'s sake, honey; there has to be at least SOME other way of handling this!" Toriel yelled angrily at Asgore. "In fact, why don't we just follow Burgerpants' advice and go pacifist on this sh*t for the time being? I mean, after all, it's not like we really do have any other hope here!"

"Quite frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn WHAT you think!" Asgore laughed maniacally as he slammed his thumb right down on the LAUNCH button with all of his might, breaking the remote into pieces and sending the entire city of Snowdin into nuclear-alert mode as a massive nuclear missile was launched straight up into the air and headed straight for the Snowdin entrance hole, where it would then travel up into outer space and come hurtling straight back down into the Underground, decimating and completely wiping out everyone and everything there!

"CAUTION ALL SNOWDIN CITIZENS: EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY! A BOMB HAS BEEN ARMED! THIS IS NOT A DRILL; I REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL! WOULD EVERYONE PLEASE PACK THEIR SH*T UP AND EVACUATE RIGHT FREAKING NOW BEFORE WE END UP HAVING TO SHANK A BITCH?!" Doggo announced over the Snowdin intercom system while all of the civilians just stayed right where they were, knowing that there was probably not going to be any sort of escape from such a bomb as this anyway...unless they somehow managed to flee the Underground, which of course was highly unlikely even with the massive holes in its ceiling.

(Also, they knew that he was the type of guy that wouldn't know if they were standing still.)

"METTATON DOES NOT COME IN PEACE!" Mettaton informed Burgerpants and the Dreemurrs in a disturbingly monotone voice as he immediately set his sights firmly on mother Toriel!

"METTATON, FOR GOD'S SAKE, NO; DON'T DO THIS, PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU!" Alphys screamed and cried desperately into Mettaton's right ear, covering her mouth with her hands and trembling helplessly in absolute shock and terror while Toriel did the same.

"SHE'S OUR MOTHER! WE LIKE TORIEL! WE FREAKING LOVE HER, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?!" Undyne screamed and cried hopelessly into Mettaton's left ear, burying her face in his shoulder and sobbing hysterically as the giant charged up his arm-laser and was just about to fire it at Toriel, when all of a sudden, Asgore lunged in from the side and shoved her out of the way!

"Listen up, you heartless bag of BOLTS; monsters have f%#&ing FEELINGS and FAMILIES, just like YOU probably did back on whatever the hell your stupid home planet was! They are NOT just your mindless f%#&ing LIVESTOCK!" Asgore yelled angrily at Mettaton, shaking his fist at him.

"LIVESTOCK DETECTED! COMMENCING FIRE!" Mettaton commanded himself as Burgerpants desperately attempted to push Asgore out of the way, but was too skinny and weak to properly do so!

"Oh, for crying out loud!" Asgore sighed and shook his head as he casually walked off to the side in the general direction that Burgerpants was trying to push him, putting the poor cat face-to-face with what had now become his absolute worst metallic nightmare incarnate!

"Um...S-SAYONARA, M-MOTHERF%#ER?!" Burgerpants trembled and stammered in terror, twiddling his fingers, crossing his legs awkwardly and wetting himself in terror in a profoundly Alphys-like (read: adorkable) fashion as Mettaton glared disapprovingly at him.

"F#%& YOU, ASSHOLE!" Mettaton laughed at Burgerpants' expense as he fired one of his alternate arm-lasers directly at the poor cat, stripping literally every last bit of hair and clothing from his body and rendering him pink, naked, afraid, deeply humiliated and also highly shocked to still be alive!

"AIEEEEEE!" Burgerpants screamed like a little girl as he looked down at himself and saw how disturbingly handsome and muscular his bony-limbed, completely hairless and sickly-pink body still managed to be while Alphys and Undyne began masturbating furiously in response.

"Um...I really DO look like the Pink Panther right now, don't I?" Burgerpants stammered embarrassedly with an awkward grin on his face, blushing brightly and bending his right knee awkwardly against his left leg and loosely wrapping his tail around his spindly legs and covering his crotch humiliatedly with his oddly-specifically laser-proof work hat while everyone around him busted out laughing.

"YES, YOU DO, ALRIGHT..." Alphys and Undyne moaned and drooled with pleasure as they both creamed themselves and immediately began formulating a plan to take advantage of the unexpected turn of events while Mettaton tried to decide what his next target would be!

Chapter 16

TIMG: CHAPTER 16

"Alright, come on, Undyne, get over here!" Alphys whispered and hissed at Undyne, who then slowly and carefully straddled and sidled her way along the back of the currently distracted and confused Mettaton's neck and onto his right shoulder, where Alphys was currently standing.

"Alright, so what's the plan here?" Undyne curiously asked Alphys, cocking an eyebrow in confusion as Alphys got on her tiptoes and nervously whispered her plan into the fish lady's ear-fin.

"Are...are you really SERIOUS right now? You've GOT to be freaking kidding me!" Undyne groaned and rolled her eyes, knowing how incredibly implausible Alphys' plan was even despite her profound dull-wittedness and ignorance in comparison to the adorable little lizard cupcake.

"Does THIS face look unsure to you?" Alphys chuckled as she seductively glared at Undyne, lowering her upper eyelids and smirking as cockily, teasingly and buck-toothedly as could be while she pulled out a screwdriver from her pocket, used her size-alteration ray to grow the otherwise rather typical and mundane (outside of Doctor Who) tool to an unusually massive size and then finally used it to twist out the protective screw in Mettaton's right earhole.

"Okay, FINE! Just don't blame me if you end up getting SQUASHED and/or falling a ridiculously long distance to your death in the process!" Undyne groaned and rolled her eyes as Alphys pulled out her size-alteration ray from her pockets, set it to SHRINK and handed it to her.

"ONE SMALL STEP, ONE GIANT LEAP FOR LIZARDKIND! WOOOOOO!" Alphys thought excitedly and proudly to herself as Undyne aimed the ray directly at her face and fired it.

"Where...where ARE you?" Undyne wondered while Alphys hopped up and down and flailed her arms like a teeny-tiny little hummingbird and squeaked like a little baby mouse to get her attention.

"Oh, THERE you are! AWWWWW!" Undyne purred and giggled and blushed with delight from how incredibly adorable Alphys was as she picked her up by the back of her collar (causing her to violently wiggle and squeak and fidget about in terror, of course) and jammed her right into Mettaton's ear vent, marking the official FOURTH time that this type of thing had happened in this story!

"Alright, I'm in...if my calculations are correct, which they ALWAYS are, by the way, this should lead directly to his CPU!" Alphys snickered smugly to the audience as she wormed her way through the cold, dimly-lit metal duct while Mettaton noticed Undyne clinging onto his shoulder scraped her right off onto the ground and aimed directly at her with his arm cannon!

"PWEASE don't kiww me...I'm just a sweet, hewpwess widdle fishy BABY..." Undyne kneeled down onto her knees, put her hands together in prayer position, poofed out her cat lips, puffed out her chubby, rosy-pink fish cheeks, and opened up her sparkly, glimmering eyes super-duper wide while everyone around glared at Mettaton evilly in disgust as the giant charged up his laser and prepared to fire it...when suddenly, out of nowhere, he then proceeded to punch himself in the face!

"OH NO, YOU DON'T!" Alphys laughed triumphantly as she took control over Mettaton's central processing unit, reverted him back into his regular form and began an incredibly not-long monologue about the true moral that had secretly been lying behind this story's over-the-top

wackiness so far as she hit the BLASTOFF button on Mettaton's control panels and took to the skies, very rapidly approaching the previously mentioned giant hole in Snowdin's ceiling as the aforementioned nuclear missile that had just been launched finally completed its outer space U-turn and began slowly but surely hurtling its way back toward the Earth's atmosphere!

"It's bad to suck dick. Douchebag sh*thead like Burgerpants suck dick. And you don't have to be a douchebag sh*thead like Burgerpants. You are what you choose to be. You choose. CHOOSE. GODDAMNIT, F%#&ING CHOOSE ALREADY, WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!" Alphys explained very calmly and patiently to Mettaton, effectively serving as his inner voice as he finally reached the Snowdin ceiling opening directly above Toriel's house and made his way right through into the actual autumn sky while all of her monster friends down below (despite not actually being able to hear Alphys' possibly last words) glared smarmily at Burgerpants, who leaned forward dejectedly and trudged his way back to his house in emotional shambles in response; all the while, he was clutching his head and cursing frustratedly under his breath and growling with pent-up anger while everyone laughed wholeheartedly at both his adorable nakedness and just how utterly ridiculous and pathetic he was in general.

"God, what a f%#&ing douche...seriously, he's literally like if my dead-from-drug-overdose-and-resulting-fatal-car-crash-with-his-wife father was a cat instead of a fish...WAIT A MINUTE...CAT...FISH...OH MY F%#&ING NEPTUNE, HOW COULD I POSSIBLY BE SO BLIND?!" Undyne yelled frustratedly at herself, smacking herself in the face for not getting the joke sooner while Asgore suddenly got an idea...a horrible, wonderful, AWFUL idea!

"Toriel?" Asgore reluctantly asked Toriel as Burgerpants disappeared meekly into the forest.

"What is it, my dear?" Toriel asked him, smooching him on the cheek and then smacking him across the face to symbolize how awkwardly bittersweet their reunion with each other had been so far.

"Just in case Alphys somehow DOES find a way to come back down from this, could you please go around behind your house and pull out the massive family reunion cake that Asriel and I made for you into the front yard so that she can land in it safely?" Asgore put his hands on Toriel's shoulders and urgently (but surprisingly politely) asked her while Asriel did the job for her.

"Sure, if you want filthy nasty weeaboo lizard sweat in your freaking DESSERT!" Toriel teasingly laughed and giggled at her adorable husband, booping and nuzzling his nose and smooching him right on the big, chubby and fluffy cheek while he blushed in public embarrassment.

Meanwhile, while Undyne was busy hypocritically singing "Toriel and Asgore sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G" in a truly sad attempt to hide how devastatingly worried she actually was about her beloved girlfriend's well-being at the moment, there Alphys was; bravely manning the cockpit deep inside Mettaton's head, clinging desperately for dear life to his flightstick and beginning to feel somewhat lightheaded as the two of them flew straight up into the stratosphere, high above the adorably foggy clouds, beautifully autumn-colored trees, gorgeously sparkling water and elegantly smooth rolling hills of northern Maine!

"I know you probably feel bad about all of those poor souls down there in Snowdin, don't you?" Alphys sighed as she and Mettaton slowly but surely approached the Earth's mesosphere, slowing down for a minute so that they could properly take in the moment by having just one last friendly chat with each other, if nothing else, before finally saying goodbye to each other.

"YES; INDEED, I DO!" Mettaton cried, his eyes welling up with oily robot tears while Alphys broke out into a lovingly tearful smile from the poor future douchebag sh*thead cock-sucker's absolute adorableness and used his internal windshield wipers to wipe off the jet-black layer of

liquid that ended up covering half of the entire top-to-bottom area of her front cockpit windows as a result.

"Well, don't, because Snowdin is f%#&ing LAME!" Alphys explained trollishly to Mettaton, smirking evilly as she closed her eyes, put her hand over her chest snootily if she was singing the United States pledge of allegiance, and delivered the next few lines as obnoxiously smugly as she could possibly manage, clearly serving as a big inspiration for the poor robot's in-game personality.

"Personally, being the absolutely, like, utterly GENIUS, like, mad scientist that I, like, AM, I, like, really don't have, like, the crude and pathetic, like, ignorance to, like, waste my, like, time with such, like, utterly BORING and, like, MENIAL tasks as TAKING, LIKE, SHOWERS and BRUSHING MY, LIKE, STUPID F%#&ING TEETH; I mean, like, honestly, what is the, like, DEAL with that? Honestly, why would you EVER want to, like, have to do something like that, like, yourself when you can just, like, invent, like, some kind of machine that, like, does it all completely, like, FOR you? I mean, like, HONESTLY, why are the, like, people in Snowdin, like, so goddamned, like, primitive and, like, totally, like, stupid and, like, stuff? Honestly, if I, like, had a, like, choice, I'd, like, choose to, like, live, like, somewhere, like, where everyone is, like, HOT and, like, super-duper, like, CRAZY like me!" Alphys mockingly and sarcastically explained in almost the exact voice of Burgerpants' most recent former girlfriend Catty, blissfully unaware of how blatantly heavily she was very clearly foreshadowing her own not-so-distant future as she spoke.

"MESSAGE DOES NOT, LIKE, COMPUTE; TOO MANY, LIKE, USAGES OF THE WORD LIKE!" Mettaton explained in confusion as his head swayed back and forth gently, causing Alphys to worriedly rock back and forth in her chair as she and Mettaton finally reached the mesosphere!

"Before we die together, just remember this; you are what you choose to be! PLEASE REMEMBER THAT!" Alphys begged Mettaton as the two of them rapidly approached outer space.

"TRUST ME, I WILL! GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK, ALPHYS!" Mettaton promised and encouraged Alphys as he activated his internal security systems, opening up a conveniently-placed hatch on the top of his head as the spring-loaded chair that Alphys had been sitting on the whole time suddenly activated out of nowhere, sending the poor girl careening straight back down toward the Earth at terminal velocity for a distance of literally 42 solid miles!

"I must not fear; fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total oblivion!" Alphys repeatedly whispered to herself as she pulled a regrowth pill out from her pockets and swallowed it, restoring herself to normal and regular size as she curled up into a ball and tried her absolute hardest not to scream and/or pass out from how unbelievably scared she was.

"Wait a minute...now that I think about it, not ALL hope is lost here; after all, at least I've still got my trusty...OH...RIGHT!" Alphys gasped in shock and dismay as she reached out into her pocket and pulled out her jetpack-phone...only to find out that the damned thing was out of battery power.

Meanwhile, up in outer space, Mettaton was rapidly approaching his destination (a headfirst collision with a deadly nuclear missile, of course) as Alphys' presumably last words ran through his mind, causing him to feel guilty for not having picked the quick and painless method of killing her.

"You are what you choose to be!" Alphys' adorably dorky and squeaky and nasally voice, which had just recently been literally inside his head, echoed through his mind as the missile approached.

"MOUMOU..." Mettaton whispered internally to himself with the emotional weight of about five hundred thousand cows, closing his eyes and shedding a regretful tear as the missile finally made

its impact, causing an explosion far bigger and more awesome than any firework could ever hope to be as Mettaton's entire body was dismantled into god-knows-how-many pieces!

"ATTENTION, EVERYONE; THE BOMB HAS BEEN DISABLED! I REPEAT, THE BOMB HAS BEEN DISARMED!" Doggo informed everyone in Snowdin over the intercom, causing them to cheer loudly and ecstatically in wonderfully harmonic unison and jump for joy immediately after hearing the news.

Meanwhile, back in the front yard of Toriel's house down below in Snowdin, Asriel and Asgore had just finished pushing their Dreemurr family cake out into the front yard, dusting off their hands and admiring how beautifully decorated the culinary work of art indeed was.

Just like a typical wedding cake (if typical wedding cakes were fifteen feet tall, that is), the cake was made up of several relatively short vanilla-frosted and chocolate-crusted cylindrical layers (five, to be exact) stacked together into one big whole, with each one being smaller than the last. Adorably drawn and intensely colorful icing flowers of various shapes and sizes, as well as green squiggly lines on both the top AND the bottom, lined the outer rim of each layer.

Best of all, on the very top of the cake, Asriel and Asgore had placed exactly three adorable little candle statues of themselves and Toriel, arranging them into a triangle shape on the outer rim of the cake with each one of them facing outward to symbolize the family's truly immense desire to know more about the world around them...however, lo and behold, there was also a giant, firmly erect whipped-cream dick right on the very top-center of the cake, which Asriel and Asgore had literally JUST noticed despite how long of a distance they had just pushed the cake.

"Who on Earth would even DARE to defile such an utterly SACRED family tradition as THIS?!" Asgore roared in a fit of rage, jumping up and down like a spoiled-rotten five-year-old.

"Boy, I sure freaking wonder..." Asriel shrugged, groaned, rolled his eyes and facepalmed.

"BURGERPANTS!" Toriel yelled at the top of her lungs, her voice echoing across the entire forest as she ran straight into said forest in hot pursuit of the annoying little cat-bastard.

Meanwhile, about 36 miles above Snowdin, Alphys was slowly but surely going insane as she laid flat in the air, faced herself straight down and outstretched her arms and legs into a star shape, with Maine's absolute natural beauty being literally the only thing keeping her even remotely sane as she plummeted closer and closer to her clearly and undeniably imminent death with each passing second.

"You know what? I'm rather enjoying this conclusion to my grand and epic adventure so far; it's like a good Chinese dinner, you know? With the sweet, and the sour?" Alphys monologued to herself (or actually, more likely the audience) as several birds briefly began nibbling on her tail.

"Of course, I was smiling with delight as I bravely snuck inside Mettaton's head and used my newfound control over his body to singlehandedly save my sh*tty and boring hometown of Snowdin from interesting and exciting certain doom, thinking that I would be able to heroically sacrifice my sad and pathetic autistic-weeaboo self for the greater good of society; you see, that right there? That's DEFINITELY the sweet!" Alphys sighed, wagging her tail to shoo the birds away as she continued speaking with a rather disturbingly calm and happy expression on her face, temporarily ditching her star pose and diving straight down and headfirst toward the ground.

"But as I am currently...well, you know, internally screaming and crying from a combination of my innate fear of heights and the knowledge that I'm pretty much invariably going to die here no matter what I do...needless to say, that's the sour!" Alphys shrugged and sighed, wiping several

tears from her eyes as the Snowdin entrance hole slowly but surely drew closer and closer.

"I was...I was so NICE these past few days...so ingratiatingly NICE to that insipid giant metal MONKEY! Answering to his every STUPID word..." Alphys groaned and sighed, shaking her head regretfully.

"HERO...what a JOKE! HERO...hero of WHAT?!" Alphys growled angrily as she sadly and jealously looked around and gazed upon Maine's expansive and beautifully gorgeous landscape.

"THIS boring f%#&ing HOLE in the ground!" Alphys hissed and sneered, pointing her finger sternly at the Snowdin entrance hole as she winced and shook her head in absolute disgust.

"LOOK AT ME...lying here in f#%& FREEFALL! The IDOL of HUNDREDS...I'm a FOOL! Nothing but a BLIND, SILLY LITTLE FOOL..." Alphys laughed dementedly to herself as several literal screws in her brain came loose from the sheer amount of craziness that she had been through over the past few days while numerous human spectators down below began to notice her falling!

"Wow, what the heck is THAT thing, honey?" the wife of the captain on a local Maine cruise ship asked him as the two of them cruised around on top of a massive lake that was precariously situated right next to the Snowdin entrance hole.

"Seems to be some kind of anthropomorphic dinosaur or some sh*t!" the captain replied as he zoomed in on the adorable little creature with his binoculars and examined it meticulously.

"So, is it a boy or girl?" the captain's wife asked him eagerly.

"You know, I'm not really sure, but what I do know is that it's falling to its f%#&ing DEATH!" the captain suddenly yelled furiously at her, throwing his binoculars onto the deck in frustration.

"Honestly, and you f&%#ing WONDER why I keep telling you to get the f#%& off of Tumblr!"

Chapter 17

TIMG: CHAPTER 17

There were only about ten miles left in Alphys' freefall skydiving journey back down to Snowdin, and surely enough, she was STILL melodramatically monologuing and brooding to herself.

"How easily...I could have just crawled RIGHT through Mettaton's goddamned ear and into his stupid-ass robot brain right then and there (way before ANY of this crazy-ass f%#&ing sh*t had ever even had the OPPORTUNITY to happen in the first damned place), planted a bunch of C4 explosives inside and detonated them...with THESE hands...THESE...DIRTY...HANDS!" Alphys cringed in disgust, clenching her hands into fists of pain, anger and profound confusion as she looked directly into the Snowdin hole and saw the pathetically ruined town beneath her.

"AND with THESE hands, I held the FATE of HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS, perhaps even MILLIONS!" Alphys chanted hammily to herself, clenching her hands maliciously and creepily wiggling her fingers for dramatic effect as she finally passed through the Snowdin entrance hole, with only about seven or eight miles left until she finally went SPLAT on the ground!

"Undyne thinks I'm a beautiful goddess...BUT I'M JUST AS MORTAL AS SHE..." Alphys laughed dementedly to herself, licking her lips and digging her fingernails deeply into her almost-nonexistent neck as she scanned systematically over the ground with her eyes and realized that she only had about three miles left until impact with...a ginormous wedding cake?!

(Yeah, there's obviously quite a bit of time-skipping going on here; deal with it, would you please?)

"JUST...ONE...QUICK...SLIT! AND IT'S OVER...JUST...ONE..." Alphys laughed maniacally as she finally made her headfirst landing into the Dreemurr family's ridiculously oversized, ostentatiously decorated, vanilla-frosting-covered-and-stuffed reunion cake, falling right through the dickhole of the giant whipped-cream erection that Burgerpants had made on top of it and splattering whipped cream, multicolored frosting and chocolate sponge cake all over the place!

Once they had finally finished hosing each other down, Undyne and Asriel and Asgore then proceeded to reluctantly approach the cake in hopes of finding Alphys still alive inside of it.

"SURPRISE! TEE HEE HEE!" Alphys giggled and laughed in adorably sweet and innocent happiness as she jumped forcefully out of the cake and landed right in Undyne's soft and tender embrace, curling up in her loving arms like a cuddly little puppy and nuzzling her.

"Alphys, you do know what, as required by monster tradition, has to happen next now, right?" Asgore and Asriel (and Undyne, of course) asked Alphys with teasing smirks on their faces as they suddenly dangled their tongues out from their mouths and began drooling like...well, dogs.

"Oh, come on, SERIOUSLY? For f%#&'s sake, why does everything always have to be so goddamned KINKY around here?!" Alphys rolled her eyes and thought to herself while Undyne, Asgore and Asriel took her clothes off and began with Asgore and Asriel pinning Alphys down onto the ground while Undyne sucked all of the deliciously sweet and sugary cake residue off of her lab coat...which actually WAS literally the only thing that Alphys wore, believe it or not.

"AHH...the fact that I'm eating it off of her unwashed, dirty and sweaty skin and clothes just makes it even BETTER!" Undyne moaned and licked her lips with delight as she moved on to Alphys' bare, sweaty and adorably ticklish little feet, licking her soft, scaly soles passionately and sucking

on her cute little toes while Asgore and Asriel licked her belly and armpits.

"OH MY GAH-HAH-HAH, STOP IT! HOW MANY TI-HI-HIMES DO I HAVE TO TE-HE-HE-HELL YOU THAT I'M WAY TOO FREE-HEE-HEEKING TICKLISH FOR THIS TYPE OF SH*T?!" Alphys laughed and giggled and cried humiliatedly as Undyne licked her legs and tail (also nibbling on said tail, of course, because why not) while Asgore and Asriel handled her face and back.

"OH...OH, MY...I totally knew you would do that...you dirty, NASTY little girl, you..." Alphys slyly teased Undyne with a deviously glaring smirk as the fish lady sucked her veiny and scaly lizard cock, teased over her massive and dangling nutsack with her wet slimy tongue, and began eating (sprinkles and sponge-cake and frosting) right out of her stinky unwashed cloaca.

Just when Asgore, Asriel and Undyne had finally finished worshipping their new heroine and rather suggestively licking all of the frosting and sprinkles and cake crumbs off of her body, Toriel suddenly arrived back in the front yard, with a buck-naked, tied-up, mouth-taped, heavily-beaten, gently-weeping Burgerpants in one hand and a magic string in the other.

"Go ahead and torture him as much as you want, my children; me and my son and husband will be sitting on lawn chairs eating popcorn if you need us!" Toriel (not) jokingly informed Alphys and Undyne as she tied Burgerpants by the ankles to a nearby tree branch and hung him upside-down like a piñata as she handed a beating stick to Undyne and a feather to Alphys.

"MMF! MMMF! MMMMF!" Burgerpants screamed in terror from behind the completely muffling layer of duct tape over his mouth as Undyne ominously approached him, slamming her stick against the autumn-leaf-speckled ground while Alphys climbed up the tree, perched herself adorably on the very same branch that Burgerpants was currently tied to and slyly stuffed the feather into her pocket, knowing very well that she didn't even remotely need it for its intended usage in the situation as she lifted up the poor cat's adorably long and slender left foot, humming a teasing theme as she began scratching into its arch and paw-pads with her fingernails, causing him to laugh hysterically and immediately start crying tears of both pain and joy while Undyne brutally beat him with the stick.

"THIS is for the way you decorated your freaking HOUSE!" Undyne laughed as she leapt up and took a big swing at Burgerpants' groin with her stick, causing him to squeal like a little girl.

"And THIS is for being a goddamned filthy PEDOPHILE!" Alphys laughed as she grabbed both of Burgerpants' feet and licked all over his feet with her exceptionally long, moist and dextrous tongue, causing the poor guy to shriek with laughter as she licked his gorgeous cat soles all the way up from the heels to the toes, teased over the lovely balls and arches of his feet, wrapped her passionately slobbering tongue around his dainty little toes, and even licked in-between said toes.

"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! GOD DAMN IT, STAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP! WHAT IN THE HE-HE-HELL DID I EVER DO TO YOO-HOO-HOO-HOOU?!" Burgerpants literally busted his mouth-tape right off from how unbelievably hard he was laughing as he tossed and turned about wildly in his adorable rope cocoon while Undyne continued beating her with the stick.

"Need I remind you that you also FREAKING CROSSDRESSED AS PRINCESS PEACH IN PUBLIC?!" Undyne roared furiously at Burgerpants, whacking him right across the face with her stick; so incredibly hard, in fact, that it caused him to bloodily spit four of his teeth right out.

"Bon appétit, mon cœur!" Burgerpants laughed maniacally, coughing up blood and gasping for air as Alphys lovingly sucked his adorable little toes and wetly, sloppily smooched his precious little

feet while Undyne hit him in the chest so hard that it ended up breaking part of his ribcage.

"And now for la touche finale, mon fr  re!" Alphys slyly teased Burgerpants as she unbuttoned her lab coat, grabbed his surprisingly beautiful feet, sandwiched her already-quite-erect dick right in between his lovely soles and began fervently stroking it up and down with them, moaning with pleasure while Burgerpants screamed in utter humiliation and agony.

"OHH...OOOOOH...AHHHHHHHHH!" Alphys moaned and screamed with immense pleasure as her dick sprayed out a positively ridiculous amount of creamy cum all over Burgerpants' soles, causing her to put the back of her hand over her forehead and swoon head-over-heels, backwardly tumbling right off of the tree branch and landing flat and face-up on the ground.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER BURGERPANTS HAD BEEN SENT HOME IN A HOSPITAL BED...

"So, everybody, before we start eating, please tell me; what'd we learn on the past few days' adventure?" Toriel curiously asked Alphys, Undyne, Asgore and Asriel as the four of them sat together in a nice big circle around the ridiculously huge Dreemurr family cake on an incredibly massive picnic mat in her front yard while she lovingly deposited the first of many, many five-piece sets of small cube-slices onto their paper plates and gave herself the last of the five.

"Well, luckily, thanks to these two going inside my head and f%#&ing royally with my brain of all things..." Asriel explained, gesturing over at the nervously whistling Alphys and Undyne while Toriel glared at them menacingly and whispered for them to be quiet and listen to what he had to say. "...well, let's just say that I seem to have developed a bit more of an understanding for what other people around me have to go through in their daily lives, as well as how it makes them feel."

"Hey, what's the proper word for that?" Undyne sneakily whispered into Alphys' ear while Toriel was busy circling back over to where Asgore and Asriel were sitting.

"CONSCIENCE!" Alphys hissed angrily into her ear, knowing for a fact that Undyne had already used that word quite a few times before and (hopefully) knew very well what it meant.

"Now it's your turn, honey; what do YOU have to say about what you've learned these past few days, my dear?" Toriel walked over to Asgore and asked him, nuzzling him and smooching him on the cheek.

"W-well..." Asgore stammered embarrassedly and twiddled his big, meaty fingers while everyone else smirked teasingly at him, "I guess I learned t-that sometimes the biggest heroes come in big p-packages? Ehehe?"

"NEXT!" Toriel groaned, rolling her eyes and facepalming in disappointment as she walked over to Alphys and Undyne, cleared her throat and decided to start with Alphys just for the heck of it.

"So, Alphys, what have YOU learned today?" Toriel giggled at how ridiculously adorable Alphys was, pinching and stretching her left chubby little cheek while Undyne pinched and stretched the right; needless to say, this caused her to frantically flap her stubby little arms like a hummingbird, wag her tail like a puppy and squeak loudly like a mouse for them to stop.

"Well, I guess you COULD say I learned that just about every single character in this entire story has been a total douchebag throughout the vast majority of it except for the one that looked like he was hell-bent on completely annihilating the entire planet!" Alphys laughed awkwardly.

"You like Mettaton, don't you, Alphys?" Undyne teased her, fluttering her eyelids flamboyantly at

her.

"Still not nearly as much as I love YOU!" Alphys reassured Undyne lovingly as she scooched over to her and hugged her tightly, patting her on the shoulder and smooching her dearly.

"AWW..." Toriel crooned as everyone immediately began scarfing down their cake, blissfully unaware of the fact that despite his dismantling, Mettaton was actually still alive!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE ALPHYS AND UNDYNNE WERE ASLEEP IN THEIR PAJAMAS...

It was a very peaceful and quiet night on the pathetically small and insignificant planet that we humans call Earth; not a creature was stirring, not even a goat or fish or lizard or cat or flower.

At the North and South poles, however, there actually WAS a robot stirring; a dismantled robot, yes, but still very much a robot nonetheless. Due to his recent headfirst collision with a nuclear missile in an act of brave sacrifice to save all of monsterkind from sure extinction, his parts had been scattered all across the magnetic poles of our planet; however, only just now were they finally beginning to stir.

Surely enough, the upper body parts were on the North Pole, while the lower body parts were on the South Pole. More interestingly, however, the head now had a red, flashing and beeping antenna sticking out of its top, signaling his countless disembodied parts to attract themselves back together at the Earth's equator, presumably somewhere in South America.

Luckily, however, due to the pieces' ability to magically levitate (and in some cases, even rocket-propel) themselves at ridiculously, unbelievably fast speeds, this process was actually a hell of a lot faster than it probably sounds from the way that I'm describing it; in fact, in reality, it really only took about five hours for Mettaton's reconstruction process to finally complete itself.

"Mister Big Scary Robot! You come in peace?" the local Brazilian jungle villagers asked him as he threateningly towered high above the jungle canopy, scaring away all of the local wildlife.

Now, you probably already know what Mettaton was about to say, but I'll include it anyway:

"OHHHHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS!"

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